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[THE TATLER, JUNE 4, 1930]

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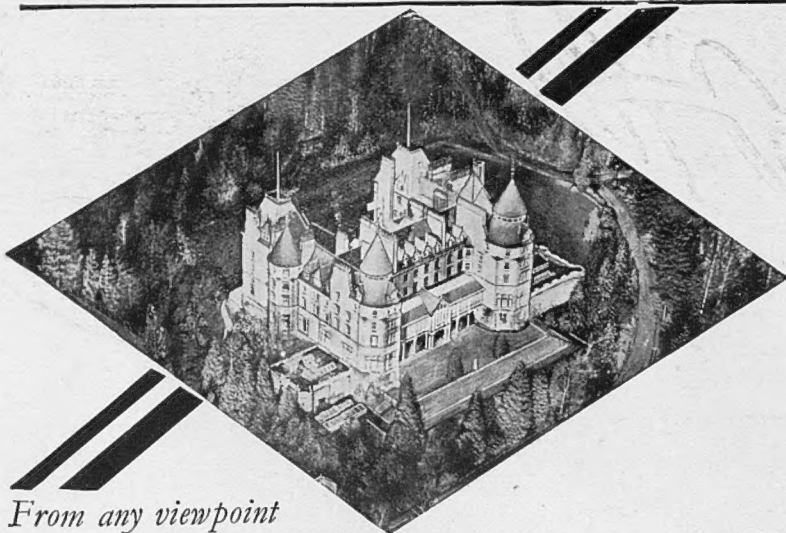
LONDON, June 4, 1930



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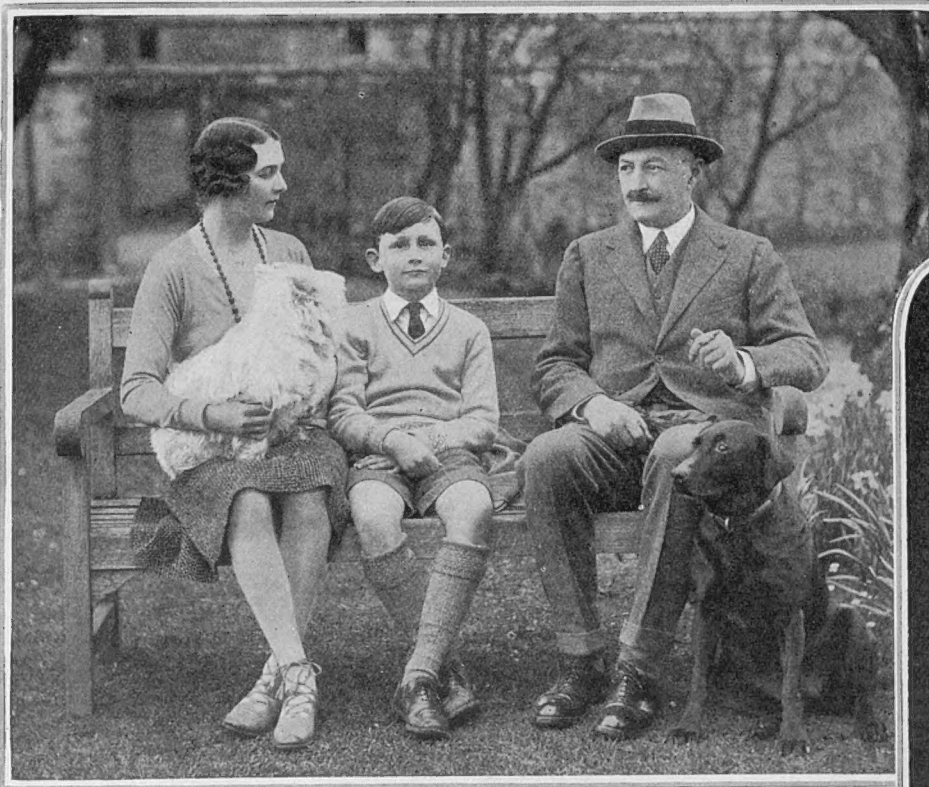
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SIGNOR ARTURO TOSCANINI

The great Italian conductor, who gave the first of the four concerts by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra on Sunday last at the Albert Hall. Arturo Toscanini, who was born at Parma in 1867 and educated at the Milan Conservatoire, conducted at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, before the war. His permanent home is the Scala, Milan. Avtori, his close personal friend, has sung under him many a time. This is Toscanini's first appearance in London, and also of the famous orchestra he conducts. Toscanini, who is a famous 'cellist, conducts his orchestra without a score—a rather wonderful achievement. The New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, by the time it reached London last Saturday, had given twenty-three concerts in nine different countries



Compton Collier

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REGINALD AND LADY BARNES AND THEIR SON RALPH

A recent snapshot at Oakhay Barton, Stoke Canon, Devonshire. Sir Reginald Barnes, who is a brother of Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, had a very distinguished war—and did very well. He was originally a 4th Hussar and afterwards commanded the 10th Hussars. In his younger days he was a very famous polo back and was in the 4th Hussar team with Mr. Winston Churchill (the No. 1)

GROSVENOR HOUSE, S.W.1.

MY DEAR,—I cannot refrain from starting my letter with a reference to Lord Davidson. Sad as his death must make everyone who knew him—and I was one of those lucky ones—it is impossible not to rejoice at the ideally peaceful end to so glorious a life. Few commentators have mentioned his tremendous sense of humour. His ability to enjoy a joke was only surpassed by the nimbleness of mind with which he made one. And then, too, he had the wonderful gift of making you feel that of all people you were the one with whom, at that moment, he'd choose to speak. His friendship will be a precious memory to many.

Last week's excitements, the chief of which was Amy Johnson's safe arrival in Australia, included the Empire Ball, which was considerably livened up by the presence of that most popular of all young men, the Prince of Wales; and the two Courts, which, on the other hand, were disappointing for the debutantes on account of the absence of the King. Let us hope that the attack of rheumatism which caused it will soon pass over, and that he will be quite fit and well for Ascot, if not for the Derby. One of the best of last week's dances was given by Mrs. Robert Mathias on the night of the first of the two Courts. It was a kind of double-event celebration for the coming out of her younger girl Betty, and for the house-warming of her new house in Berkeley Square. She gave another party too, a musical one, at the beginning of this week at which her elder daughter, Diana, who has been studying in Vienna,



MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (MISS EDNA MAY)

A recent snapshot of one of the most famous musical comedy actresses of all time, and the original heroine in "The Belle of New York," with which she afterwards came across and took London by storm. The two black Labradors are Queenie and Beauty

The Letters of Eve



Hay Wrightson

MADAME PARAVICINI AND MLE. LIVIA PARAVICINI

At the Third Court last week, at which His Majesty the King was unable to be present owing to an attack of rheumatism. Madame Paravicini, who presented her elder daughter, is the wife of the Swiss Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Charles Rodolphe Paravicini

enchanted everybody with her very lovely voice.

And now for a word or two more about the aforementioned Empire Ball. I'm never quite sure about pageants. They so often seem to have less effect than the cost of production would lead one to expect. In this captious spirit I approached the evening's entertainment, but I was promptly made to eat all previously-uttered disparaging words. If all British industries could make as brave a show as their representatives did at the Albert Hall, then everything, and one, would look up. The moving spectacle was a strong argument for mass production of

good-looking people, and Mrs. McCorquodale's designs for depicting the various commercial activities were extremely intelligent. As a centre-piece Miss Lily Elsie could not be bettered, and she was supported by a lovely selection of industrious creatures. In their different ways Miss Joan Maude and Miss Sunday Wilshin are triumphs of British produce, and Lady Ashley settled the coal problem in a most satisfactory manner.

* * *

There have been various new engagements to talk about. First, Lord Alresford's to Miss Amber Orr Wilson. Miss Wilson is an only daughter, and her fiancé, who succeeded his grandfather about six years ago, is a young man without either brothers or sisters who will not be twenty-two until the end of this year. Another just announced is between the Master of Gray, the heir to his mother, Baroness Gray, and Miss Doreen Tubbs, while I hear that yet another heir to a peerage is shortly going to announce his. He has just returned from America, where he has spent the last six months or so, complete with all the latest Americanisms and a quite appreciable accent. His fiancée-to-be is an extremely pretty girl with dark hair and eyes who is herself an American, though she lives most of the year in England with her mother and her step-father. Talking of matrimonial fixtures, I hear that Miss Meg Darrell, who will be Mrs. H. W. B. Schroeder before you read this, adopted an original and businesslike method of acknowledging the vast quantity of presents sent to her. Each donor received a printed letter of thanks, with the promise of a more personal one to follow as soon as time permitted. Sixteen hundred people were invited to the wedding.

* * *

Of course you've heard about the engagement between Miss Susan Roberts and Mr. Somerset Maxwell. It really is an admirable arrangement because both are such nice people with good open-air ideas. I think skiing comes first to Mr. Maxwell's mind when winter amusements are in question, but his future wife's choice is



LORD AND LADY BIRKENHEAD

Watching with absorbed interest while the young gentlemen of Oxford did battle on the Iffley Road tennis courts. Lord Birkenhead, who was at Wadham by the way and had a brilliant 'varsity career, is no mean wielder of the tennis racquet himself

undoubtedly hunting. As befits the daughter of a former Master, the Belvoir is the pack she prefers and she is certainly one of the best-turned-out women who hunt with them. It is a pity that tall hats have gone out of fashion to such an extent, especially when you see someone who looks as well as Miss

Roberts does in this type of headgear. Last season I remember she had a particularly good-looking horse, a grey, and when she was riding the general effect could hardly have been improved upon. Presumably she will be hunting from London next winter, as the marriage is to be in the autumn I believe, and with Mr. Maxwell working hard in the City, I



Claude Harris

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

Whose brilliant speech, lasting nearly an hour and a half, was a loudly cheered feature of last week's debate on unemployment in the House of Commons. Speaking with the ease and assurance of one who had obviously made meticulous study of each aspect of this grave problem Sir Oswald unfolded his hitherto secret plan for its solution and never for one moment lost his hold on his hearers

imagine the young couple will be obliged to live in town.

* * *

The Derby is surely the greatest leveller we have. On no other day of the year are so many people in the country thinking of the same thing, and so fondly hoping that by the time it is over they may have added a little to their ready cash. So thousands of us will congregate on Epsom Downs to see the problem which has been intriguing us for weeks solved in a few minutes, and the chances are that we shall return, for the most part, sadder and rather poorer. However, when you get this letter the result will still be on the lap of the gods, so we can still speculate as to whether the victory will be for the comparatively new owner, Sir Hugo

Hirst, with Diolite, or for that much-experienced one, the Aga Khan, who has yet to win the greatest of all races, with either of his two candidates, Ruston Pasha or Blenheim.

* * *

Lord Derby's once rather rosy-looking chances seem to have become a little faint. Perhaps he does not mind so much now that he has decided to race in America. But there is always Lord Astor to be reckoned with, though up to now he seems to have been specially singled out by Providence to win the Oaks and not the Derby. Lady Astor put up a great show the other day at the Parliamentary Golf Meeting at Deal, when she beat Lord Wharnccliffe on the last green after a most thrilling match. A few hours later she was back at Cliveden entertaining a large house-party. It included, among others, Mr. Duff Cooper, the prospective Conservative candidate for Winchester (in the place of Sir George Hennessy, who is now retiring from public life), and Lady Diana. And also Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley. Does their presence at Cliveden merely mean that political differences are ignored out of, so to speak, office hours? Or is there a deeper significance? After Sir Oswald's remarkably fine speech in the House last week, his next move in the political game will be awaited with interest.

(Continued on p. 434)

f 2



MRS. FRANCIS VERDON

Photographed in the Mall while on her way to the Fourth Court of the Season. Mrs. Verdon is the wife of Montgomeryshire's High Sheriff and a very popular person in that locality

The Letters of Eve—continued

The Derby night ball was held for so many years at the Derbys' big house in Stratford Place that it seems rather sad to see yet one more of the old traditions given up. Last year Lady Londonderry was the hostess, and to-night it will be Lady Ward, whose big house in Park Lane is one of the few remaining large London mansions to withstand the changes of the last few years. And Lady Ward, incidentally, is an American, the daughter of a former American Ambassador to this country. Those who do not happen to be invited to this function will find some consolation in the various restaurants and clubs which are all laying themselves out for the occasion. The Savoy, for instance, is going to show a film of the race at midnight, and they have been specially urged to see that it is run at something like racing pace instead of the usual ninety miles an hour.



COLONEL EDGAR BRASSEY, MRS. KEITH MENZIES, AND MISS BRASSEY
Watching the first round of the Roehampton Open Cup when El Gordo beat the Cavaliers by 8 goals to 4 without being seriously extended. On the same afternoon Major Keith Menzies was playing back for Fonthill against the Dolphins at Ranelagh. Colonel Brassey, whose home, Dauntsey Park, is in Wiltshire, is a brother of the Joint Master of the Heythrop, Colonel E. P. Brassey

The name of that last resort brings me to the request which the Duke of Richmond has made to me. And that is to say something about his annual holiday fund appeal for the Royal Savoy Association for Paralysed Sailors and Soldiers. Last year—by the money subscribed—between sixty and seventy men were sent for a month to the sea, and he hopes that enough subscriptions will come in for even more to be sent this year. So any guineas forwarded to him at Goodwood will be very gratefully received. Talking of Goodwood, there will be a thrill this year for the really old-stagers among racing people, for the Duke has now some two-year-olds in training, and the once-famous yellow jacket and scarlet velvet cap with its gold tassel will be seen there for the first time for over forty years.

The success of *Shamrock V.*, and talk of boats and sailing being topics of the moment, I felt it was quite in order that my artistic peregrinations should take me to the tiny Graham Gallery to cast an eye over the water-colours of Mrs. Noel Corry, who is the wife of a member of the Squadron. At least half of her pictures are views of the Irish coast, and I can only hope that she did not paint them from aboard ship, for they mostly show heavy seas, murderous-looking rocks whose proximity no yachtsman could contemplate with pleasure, and dark, lowering skies. Ireland is Mrs. Corry's country, and she adores its beauties as do many of us mere humble Sassenachs. She was Miss Clare O'Brien before her marriage, and is an aunt of Lord Inchiquin, who, by the way, has just let his house in Upper George Street and has taken one at Maidenhead for the summer.

Meeting a denizen of the Bicester country the other day, I was told that the Budgetts (he is the Master of those hounds you know), were much exercised about an accident which had befallen their pretty ward, Miss Joan Worthington, who, being independently-minded, is carving out a career for herself in London. One spare moment, on Empire Day to be exact, she went for a ride in the Row. A band belonging to the patriotic procession of community singers unfortunately began a stirring melody practically under her horse's nose, and the latter, evidently out of tune with the proceedings, cast her off against a tree. The lamentable sequel was concussion, a cut face, and a dislocated shoulder, a bit of real bad luck.

Madame Elizabeth Schumann is a master of her craft if ever there was one. The possessor of a soprano voice probably has more traps lying in wait for her than any other musician, but from the first moment that this great singer opens her mouth it is obvious that nothing

but pure delight is in store. I wish you could have heard her recital at the Hyde Park Hotel. It could not have had a better reception and chairs had to be brought in during the intervals in order to support those who, having arrived late, were supporting the walls.

The programme was excellently chosen, but to me the "Couplet aus Fledermaus," which one had already heard at Covent Garden, was the most enchanting item. I cannot describe it to you beyond saying that it provides an astonishing variety of surprising but delicious sounds. The band of programme-sellers-cum-ushers was not only nice to look at but efficient (which is a pleasant change, said she cattishly), and the Y.W.C.A. clubs must have benefited accordingly. I won't bother you with a list of names beyond saying that all the season's "buds" seemed to be there.

The following is to hand from Ireland. Garden inspection for charity's sake is still proceeding briskly over there, and at a small old-world garden bordering on a shady river (the locality must remain anonymous) an original and unexpected attraction helped to swell the gate-money. The cause was a lady living near the opposite bank who, blissfully unaware that the view was public property for that afternoon, was tempted by the warm sun to take to the water. She is probably still unconscious of how much her imitation of a human water-lily was appreciated, particularly by one aged and male spectator who stared, puzzled and entranced, at this new specimen of modern botany. —Yours ever, EVE.

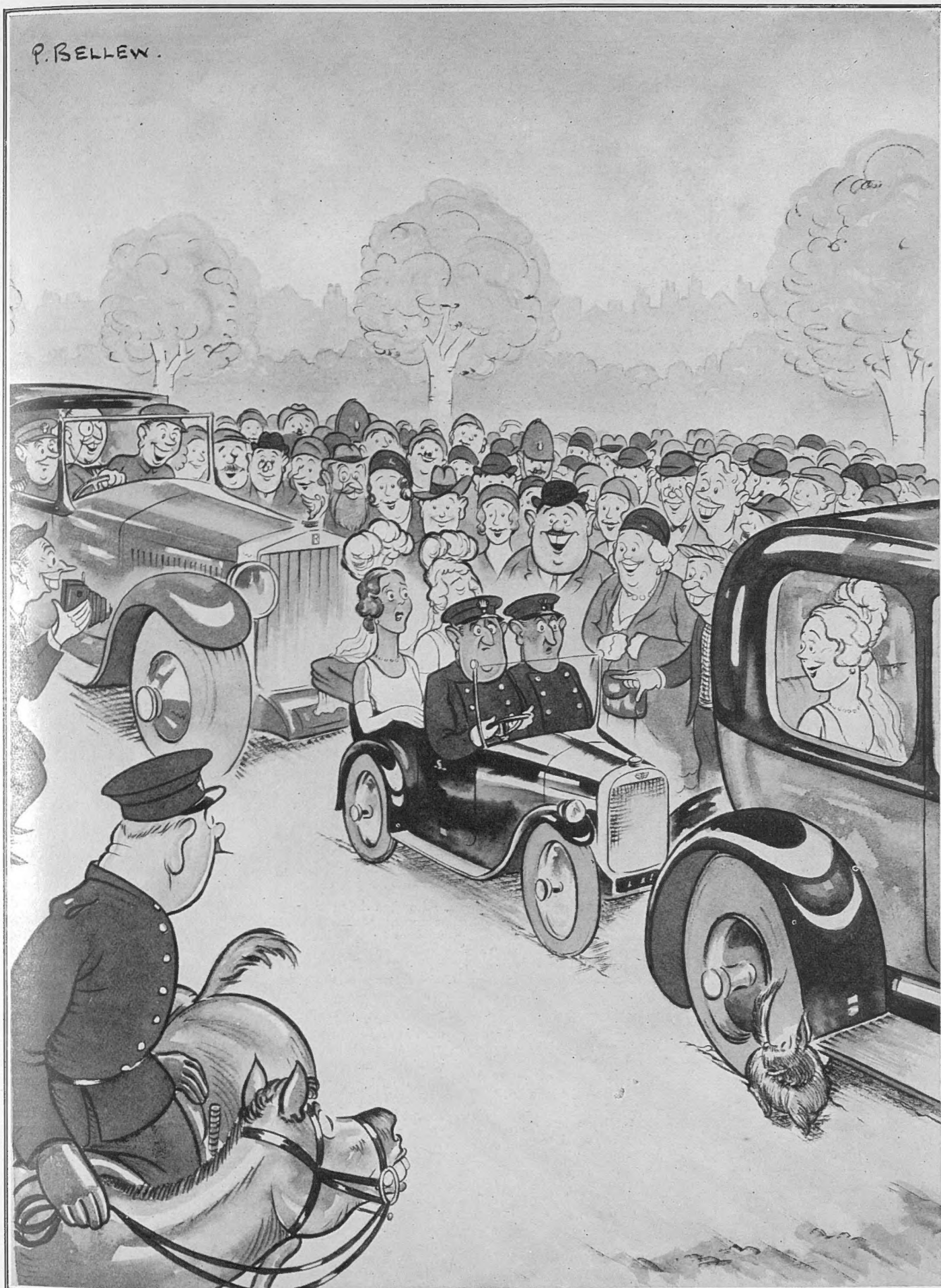


CAPTAIN AND MRS. EDWARD VYNER

At York races, more pictures of which will fill a page in next week's issue. Captain Vyner, the elder son of Lady Alwyne-Compton Vyner, married a daughter of Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld and lives at Newby Hall, near Ripon

"DIGNIFIED AND STATELY"

P. BELLEW.



THE DÉBUTANTE WHO WENT TO COURT IN AN AUSTIN SEVEN

The Cinema : "Just Invective!"

By JAMES AGATE

ONE of the most savage pictures ever drawn by any human being is that of America on Armistice Day, drawn by Yvette Guilbert in "The Song of My Life." She writes: "Never shall I forget Armistice Day! A swarming crowd in the streets, not a word, not a song, but just thousands of humans tramping along, sad, heavy-footed, and expressionless, but clanging every kind of available ironmongery. These citizens dragged, at the end of long strings, baths, kettles, jugs, pots, any old tin thing that would make a noise as it beat and bumped on the pavement, and they cheered themselves up by ringing cowbells and bicycle-bells, sounding their motor-hooters, and blowing on their sirens." And again, in the same book: "The childishness of Americans when they are taking their pleasures is the most fatiguing side of American life. Nothing is more exhausting for an intelligent person than to try to share their distractions. The hours that they can spend on imbecilities, by which they seem to be actually refreshed, is unbelievable to a European. It is as though their brains had not been able to develop at the same rate as their bodies. When one goes out with Americans one finds that, unless they are talking business they have nothing to say." Some years ago it used to be the fashion for tailors in the water-proof business to exhibit in their windows a square yard or so of cloth with a pool of water standing on it to show that it didn't drip through. I take it that the American mind is possessed of the same kind of imperviousness. You cannot attack it because it is not there to attack. Water, it is said, will roll off a duck's back. But I submit that the duck will keep doubly dry if it isn't there to be rained on. You cannot hurt the American film-magnate by words, because he can't read. Neither can he answer you back, because he can't write. All he can do by way of retort is to make still viler pictures. But as he is going to do this anyhow, abusing him really does no harm. I am reminded of the old story of the man who blew into a newspaper office and asked for a job as leader-writer. "What's your line?" asked the editor. "Invective!" replied the aspirant. "About what?" asked the editor. "Nothing in particular," said the other airily, "just invective."

I am privileged this week to give some examples of Australian invective on the subject of the talkies. A correspondent from Queensland writes me this charming letter:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed cutting may interest you as a write-up of Yankee movies; it is rough on 'em. I like your write-ups (or is it writes-up?) of various films and talkies, but don't often have a chance to see or hear any of them as I am rather out back here, being nearly a hundred miles from the railway. Owing to droughts, floods, and the present state of our wool market it is a job to get away, so that I never have much chance to get sick of them. But Yankee films are mostly tripe.

Yours sincerely,

A WELL-WISHER.

P.S.—Wear more wool.

The cutting which my well-wishing friend encloses is so vastly entertaining that I vow henceforth never to read anything else except the Red Page of "The Sydney Bulletin" in which it appears. Let me give readers of THE TATLER a taste of something in comparison with which everything that I have written about the American film-magnate is the purest honey. This genius in the invective-business writes: "Those Who Can't Read have found affinities in Those Who Can't See. Hollywood has swallowed them all and made them directors, super-directors, and stars. To those necromancers we are grateful for many shrewd quizzes into the human soul—the truth that seducers, desirous of owning a maiden's charms, give a subtle

hint of their intention by offering her a parkful of Chryslers, two handfuls of Koh-i-noors, and a couple of châteaux; the truth that cuties, especially chorus girls, have not the slightest suspicion of the evil man's hopes until he has pawed them after eighteen or twenty goblets of the best; the truth that they are then prevented from slipping through the cracked ice by the memory of a hymn learned in their youth; the truth that all wistful country heroes yearn for a splendid career in the city, invariably represented as a fade-in of the said lad sitting at a momentous desk in Wall Street smoking a Cauliflora Splendida whilst barking into a telephone a huge order to his broker; the truth that all millionaires breakfast in dinner-suits, and all railway-engineers direct the sleeper-laying in Wilson Barrett shirts and gloves; the truth. . . . But why proceed?"

Thus bad begins, but as somebody said, worse remains behind—"The truth about the business is that it must ever remain cheap, or fail. As soon as it begins to give itself airs, and pretend that its art director is William Shakespeare, and that its captions are the joint compositions of Ibsen, Shaw, and Pirandello, millions of people will be finding other uses for their Saturday evenings than the mad munching of minties in the soft dark of a movie mosque. It has been charged against Hollywood that it has created its public, whereas it should really be urged that the public has created Hollywood. Hollywood is only the gigantic trick-face mirror wherein the average man beholds himself. The gutter-snipe intellectuality of the largest bilge-factory on earth is the gutter-snipe intellectuality of the Adonis who takes all his cultural peas with his knife." And lastly—"The movie and talkie monopoly besmirches everything it touches. In its organised befoulment it cannot even take the simple story of Jesus without spending twice Edgar Wallace's annual income on a representation of the alleged bawdy nature of Judas. Writers without talent and actors with it, the rift-raft of the arts, and the impostors of all persuasions are commonly enlisted at huge salaries to expend their energy, their perspiration, and their voluptuously veloured thought, not to mention weeks of God's good time, in producing something that is debonairly brilliant and as conspicuously close to the van of culture as *Sonny Boy*."

As I write, the post has just brought a gramophone record entitled "High Society Blues," being a fox-trot from the film of that name. *With Vocal Refrain*. I hereby invite everybody to consider whether the presumption that this refrain and this singing can give pleasure does not indicate the

lowest ebb of world-culture since man took to calling himself civilized. But why should we bother about culture? To my way of thinking, this wretched, cretinous, pomaded whine, shows the world at its lowest ebb of delight. The reader will remember how on Armistice Day those Americans dragged along their baths and kettles without a word or song. But since then America has found its tongue, and its words and the tunes to which it sings them are, I think, fairly represented on this miserable record. In the meantime let me record that at the moment the programme at the picture-theatres is more than normally entertaining. Miss Marie Dressler has the Empire at her feet. *Balaclava* is going great guns at the Marble Arch Pavilion. New Gallery audiences are gushful over Lillian Gish's talkie. Ruth Chatterton has scored a terrific come-back in *Sarah and Son*. And at the Prince Edward John McCormack has unchained the *Song of His Heart*; of this more anon.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xlv



MISS MURIEL ANGELUS

Sasha

The nineteen-year-old actress, who has been chosen to play the vamp part in the Richard Eichberg production, "West End," which is now being made at Elstree. Miss Muriel Angelus had a success in "The Ringer," "The Infamous Lady," and "Red Aces," and is looked upon as the best discovery of the year

SNAPSHOTS FROM SALISBURY

Last Week's Racegoers



MISS CHUBB AND SIR CECIL CHUBB

LADY LETTICE LYGON AND MR. COTTERELL,
WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH

LADY NOREEN BASS AND MR. ALEC TAYLOR

SIR BRYAN AND LADY GODFREY-FAUSSETT
AND LORD PEMBROKE GET TALKINGTHINKING THINGS OUT IN THE PADDOCK:
MRS. PAPE AND MR. SOFER WHITBURNMRS. FARQUHARSON AND LADY
PORTMAN IN SERIOUS MOOD

This page represents some of the people who kept a racing appointment at Salisbury last Wednesday. Freddie Fox opened the proceedings by a brisk win on Mr. Dewar's Cameronian, but another son of Gainsborough, Portraitist, an odds-on favourite for the Stewards' Plate, failed to uphold the family honour. There was a fine finish in the City Bowl, Sir Charles Hyde's Dry Royal winning by a short head from Orpenda. Sir Cecil Chubb, who gave Stonehenge to the Nation twelve years ago, had his only daughter with him, and Lady Lettice Lygon and her fiancé, Mr. R. C. G. Cotterell, were looking very pleased with life. They are to be married on June 16 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Alec Taylor, who is seen with Sir William Bass' wife, still takes the greatest interest in racing though no longer actively concerned in the educating of winners. This very famous trainer has had at least eighteen classic wins to his credit, and until his retirement was undoubtedly the outstanding figure in the racing world. Mrs. Pape and Mr. Sofer Whitburn are both owners of repute, though Mrs. Sofer Whitburn figures more largely than her husband in the racing returns. Her two-year-old Ladies' Chain ran second in the Salisbury Plate

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"



SIR RICHARD SYKES AND LADY ALLENDALE

At York Races last week. Sir Mark Tatton Richard Sykes is the 7th baronet, and of the famous Sledmere family. Yorkshire horse-breeding and hunting spells "Sykes." Lord Allendale had a horse running at York

can hardly feel that they hold a chance in the Derby with their horse even in such a terribly bad year as this. A nice little horse, he is a good stayer and should win some useful handicaps over a distance of ground, but it is trying the romance of the race too high for an ex-selling plater of Billy Payne's to win it.

Gatwick generally makes a good get-out after Newmarket, as the favourites in the two-year-old selling races as a rule oblige. Nothing can stop Victor Smyth this year, and he won on both days with Monkey, on which it is said he had that amount, and Aylesbury. When on the right leg with luck batting on your side everything goes right, and it held for him over the latter horse. The stewards disqualified Aylesbury but the bets stood, so that he drew his bets and did not have to buy in his horse. Conversely the owner of the second, for whom fortune is not doing its best, lost his bets but got the race, and in consequence had to send his horse to be sold. In addition to all this the effects were again felt in the last race, as at the last moment Dick was suspended, which meant the number of Lulworth Cove being taken out of the frame. As in the ten minutes' betting which had already taken place he was a good second favourite, the market was naturally seriously affected, and Victor

A MOST gallant performance was that put up by old Oak Ridge in winning under ten stone at Newmarket, and for practically a gift horse he has done his owner well. The firm of Cundell and Co. rounded out a good week at Gatwick where Dundee won at a nice price and Noble Star, their Derby candidate, cantered home alone. While the success of this small stable would be very popular one

Smyth again scored. His horse Rallye, well backed at odds against, at once went to odds on and won easily.

York is far the pleasantest and best run meeting in England, and was so long before the advent of the Tote. The secret which is no secret is that all profits are put back into the business, which results in comfort, cheapness, very good stake money, and in consequence good racing. In all this the natural sporting spirit of the Yorkshireman helps by ensuring good attendances and gate-money. The whole atmosphere of the county and meeting is *Horse et prateriea nihil*. The morning is taken up with sales at the repository, and the evening after racing with polo on the Knavesmire or at Tadcaster. Mr. Riley Smith is very largely responsible for Yorkshire polo, and spares no trouble or expense where it is concerned. As yet there is no ladies' polo, but most of them ride to hounds, and some of them are wonderful judges of a horse. Mrs. David Lycett Green, the wife of the joint-master of the York and Ainsty, who had a party for the meeting, can value a horse to rather less than 1 per cent., and Mrs. Gordon Foster is equally well known in the Yorkshire (Sinnington) hunting world.

Pharian won again for Lord Allendale who seems really to have got the turn of the tide, but Disarmament was too close for him to be a really good one. Probably Jacopo, Captain Boyd Rochfort's first two-year-old winner, has the makings of something extra as he came from behind to win easily from Phalarope and Florence Dombey. Both had been well galloped by stables with winning form, and he ran his race out straight as a gun-barrel to come and beat them on his first appearance. He has plenty of size and room for improvement, and the form is probably a lot better than it reads on the book. Florence

Dombey is not the best of colours but is a charming filly out of that good mare Margaritta, and was the third of a series of disappointments for Victor Gilpin. Rattlin the Reefer ran his race out as game as one could wish, to be narrowly beaten, and one must hope this severe race will not affect his rather doubtful courage. A nice easy race is what he now wants to give him confidence. Goodwood Park must have been lucky to win over 7 furlongs at Kempton; at Sandown he ran fast for 6 and at York for 5, which looks like his distance, but then perhaps he'll only show for 4.

Lord Harewood had a large party for the meeting, and not one of them could have had a qualm as to Alcester winning from the moment the gate went up. He made all the running, and won pulling up as easily as he did at Newmarket.

The Yorkshire Cup was won with great ease by Lord Rosebery's The Bastard, which should be legitimatised by deed poll after the good work it has done for its owner. "The Baron" has also been not unfunny in the naming of one of his which appeared on the card at the meeting.

Pal o' Mine just squeaked home from Templario, which, though he showed honesty, doesn't seem to put him in the Derby with any sort of a chance, and it seems hard on any form to get away from the outstanding chance of the favourite Diolite to win this year's classic. Rustom Pasha has a lot of friends, and on the book is the better of the Agar's pair, but a lot of people also think of Silver Flare.

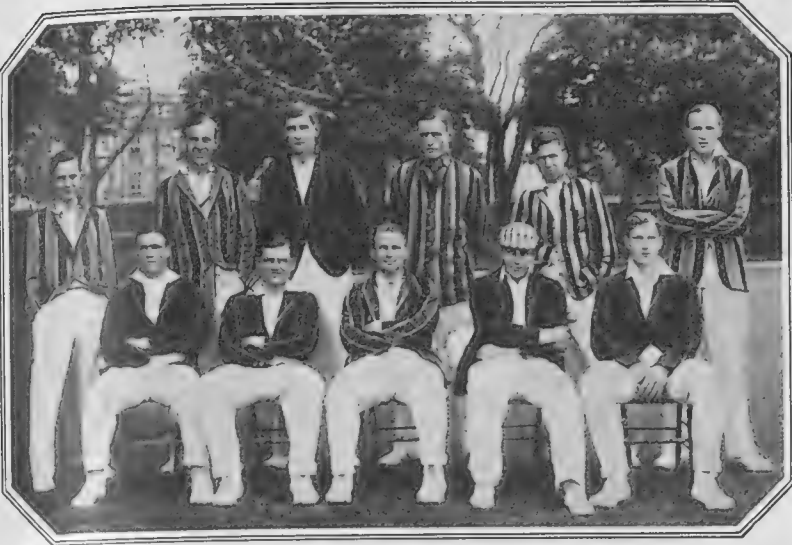


"BROWNIE" CARSLAKE

By C. F. Bauer

Carslake rides Lord Howard de Walden's Bargany in to-day's Derby—if he runs. This colt won the 1 Mile Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket. Carslake has never ridden a classic winner at Epsom, but he has won two Legers (Keysoe and Salmon Trout)

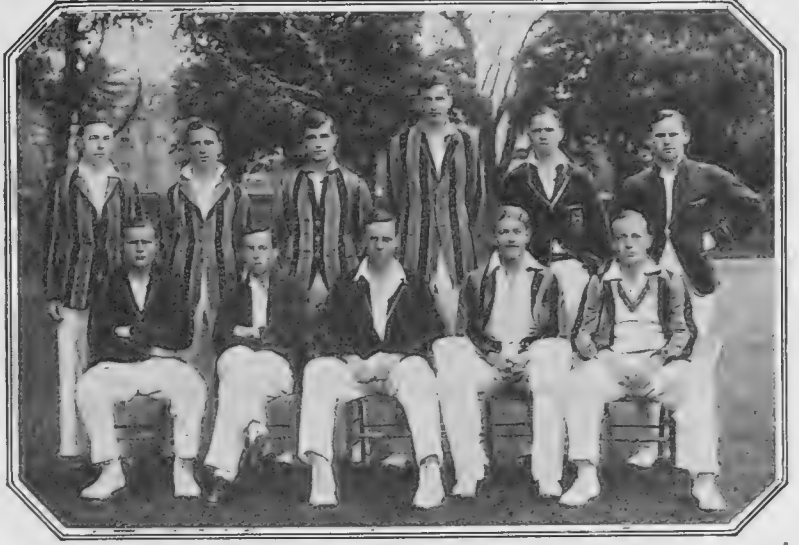
SOME SUBJECTS OF KING WILLOW



THE PERAMBULATORS

R. S. Crisp

beat



THE ETCETERAS

R. S. Crisp

Left to right: Back—E. B. Pope, T. E. Drakes, M. J. Morton, H. E. C. de Chassiron, D. R. Wilcox, and A. E. G. Baring. Front—R. L. D. Gibson, G. C. A. Adams, C. M. Andreæ, N. M. V. Rothschild, and A. G. Hazlerigg

Left to right: Back—H. D. Burrough, D. M. Parry, G. P. Goodwin, A. G. Howland Jackson, T. J. Macdonald, D. A. M. Rome. Front—H. L. Carr, J. C. Christopherson, R. H. Palmer, W. S. Findlay, and P. G. Fairfield



THE GENTLEMEN OF SHROPSHIRE

Truman Howe

Seated—Captain G. Clifford, H. Pritchard-Gordon, Captain Barber-Starkey (captain), Major A. L. D. Lees, and Colonel E. B. Frederick. In rear—Rev. J. Cartner, Brigadier-General J. B. Wells, Captain N. H. Hughes-Hallett, J. B. Tombling, E. L. Birch, and Captain W. H. Dawson



THE CIVIL SERVICE v. M.C.C.—THE COMBINED XI'S

Left to right: Back row—S. G. A. Maartensz, Captain T. E. Brinckman, Captain Waghorn, Major Stanyforth, J. B. Wheatley, G. Parsons, J. H. Evans, W. S. Baker, S. Dunstone, L. A. Hall, G. Bennetts, Mr. Martin, C. L. Crawley. Centre row—G. W. Male, H. Siddall, P. Ogilvie, C. K. Hill-Wood, P. K. Broomfield, I. D. Percival, W. Smith. Front row—W. Cæsar, W. L. T. Webb, Brigadier-General E. L. Challenor, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R. S. Collins, H. Everett, W. L. Evans, W. H. Eastland

In the last trial match at Cambridge the Perambulators beat the Etceteras good and hearty by an innings and 62. The losers followed on 250 behind, but could do very little against the bowling of Hazlerigg and Morton, and their innings ended at 188. Hazlerigg showed himself a real good all-rounder, as he took 55 runs off the Etceteras and collected ten of their wickets. N. M. V. Rothschild was top scorer for the winners, and got 112, the innings closing for 399. The Gentlemen of Shropshire fought a draw with Shrewsbury School at Kingsland—a good performance by the school. The Civil Service and M.C.C. match was played at Chiswick. Garland Wells played for Oxford v. the Australians last week. The snapshot was taken in Eights Week



GARLAND WELLS, THE OXFORD CRICKET BLUE

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Houses and Furniture.

ONE thing I have against my little cottage in the country. It refuses to *nestle* amid its surroundings. Try as I will to grow creepers over it, paint it, plant flowering shrubs to break its somewhat rigid outline, it still refuses to nestle. And, to me, a cottage which refuses to nestle in its surroundings has the unsuitable air of one who, invited out to dinner, finds that he is the only one in evening dress. Sometimes when its aspect seems impossible to mix with the neighbouring woods and fields I say to myself, "Why bother?" The worst of having a house of one's own is that it can so easily become an obsession, and one denies oneself in all directions simply in order to propitiate its needs. Moreover, unless one be very careful one can become one of those home-ridden creatures who wear themselves out before their time struggling to maintain mere glory and outward shell. A home which should be one's slave can so easily become one's tyrant. Quite soon, I know, I too could fall a victim to that tyranny. Only there are moments when my spirit revolts. I *won't* forgo that pleasant week-end in Paris, for example, because the cushions need new covers and I have seen some art fabric which tried its best to make me buy it and to be hung in the place of that curtain whose pattern I have been utterly sick of for the last year. Gardens are just as tyrannical. Before you know where you are every bit of available spare cash has been poured into the pocket of the local florist. Indeed a home and garden give you no rest if you take any pride and interest in them at all. True, as hobbies they are to be commended just because they are never finished, and never will be, though you live to be a centenarian and a general nuisance. All the same they can quite easily wreck your life. Their lure is far more potent than that of many a conventional siren. Moreover, as in most lures, one falls for it so gradually that it sometimes requires an hour of sheer mental hopelessness and disappointment to make one realize that one has become a slave in chains. I suppose it all springs from that human instinct which struggles all through life to create around itself an atmosphere appertaining to beauty. True, I know many people who seem to regard their homes

only as a source of envy for their less fortunate friends and neighbours, and the strength of that envy is the measure of their gratification. Who does not know that house so perfectly furnished that it would be quite impossible to live in it? Who does not know that owner who is so engrossed in his possessions that to pay him a visit is little more than to inspect a museum; whose rooms make a perfect picture so beautiful as to be quite impossible to be used as rooms. It is so fatally easy, if you are home-proud, to get to believe that the first virtue of an ideal house is to be looked at, not to be lived in. I think if I were very rich I would only have one room as nearly perfect as my taste and pocket could make it. I should sit in it when I felt the need of beauty, but sit somewhere else when I felt the need of living at ease. I hate the house where, metaphorically speaking, you inadvertently drop your cigarette and bang goes a £200 Persian carpet! Or at the least mismanagement of one's elbow at the dining-table a rare piece of Waterford glass goes west for all time. I have never once dined off gold plate, but I can imagine that gravy on it looks most unappetizing. I never see an array of silver without thinking of someone's—probably the parlour-maid's—secret cross. On the other hand, modern decoration so deprives itself of everything except purity of line and the sheer essentials that I don't think it will ever become popular, simply because it denies that common human weakness which is the collecting of knick-knacks. So that I sometimes think that the much-derided best parlour of a cottage is not so idiotic an arrangement after all. The owner reserves it entirely for her conception of the rare and beautiful, but lives more comfortably in the kitchen. Alas! then, that it is so fatally easy to turn your entire home into one best parlour, and so make even your bed—the last refuge of humanity in this disturbed existence—such an entanglement of frills, brocaded hangings and lace, that, lying in it, decked out in flowered-silk or *crêpe-de-chine*, the whole effect seems wasted, unless one peradventure has lovers, or one may occasionally be rescued by a fireman, whom one hopes will gaze around and be duly impressed before he hurls one down the fire-escape. It is extremely difficult to strike the happy dividing line between the preservation of beauty and the preservation of ordinary, everyday comfort, unless of course you have reached the mental illumination which realizes that in a home comfort is beauty. There are few houses more unrestful to stay in than the home wherein, metaphorically speaking, to the Tudor mind all things should be Tudor. So it is always difficult to prevent your home from being your master, and to keep your surrounding loveliness within the limits of the

(Continued on p. 44.)



MENGELBERG AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

The visit of Dr. Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam to London has constituted a distinct land-mark in the year's musical season and was a greatly enjoyed privilege, for no better orchestra could be heard anywhere and not a great many as good. The repertoire included Wagner, Berlioz, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Dvorak, Liszt, Bach, Weber, etc.

NEUTRAL TINTED

By George Belcher



"Oh, I am not at all up to the mark, sir; I seems full o' troubles"

"You must cheer up, Mrs. Green. If you cannot make light of your troubles, keep them dark"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

essential. Unless, of course, perfect servants fall from Heaven on to your lap as manna, and just as plentifully. Otherwise it is fatally easy to fall under the tyranny of your home, to the exclusion of far too many other joys in life. Moreover such an interesting and informing book as Mr. John Gloag's "Time, Taste, and Furniture" (Richards. 8s. 6d.), is just the kind of volume to make you feel that the world is well lost for a bit of genuine Chippendale. It is quite the most easy book on furniture to read (that is, the most easy to follow and understand) of any I have ever come across. Most wonderful of all, it is so *sane*. It doesn't leave you with the impression that your bit of restored Jacobean is as a sin to be hidden guiltily from the world. It treats good restoration with respect, though it has righteous indignation for the pure fake. Moreover it imparts its expert knowledge in a way which the eager yet unenlightened amateur can understand and appreciate. Its historical chapters, which deal with furniture and decoration from Tudor times until that ghastly period between 1840-70, are not only delightful to read as knowledge, but they form almost a social history as well. One appreciates, too, his admiration for modern furniture of the best designers and manufacturers. The modern simplicity, the modern colouring, the modern desire to combine beauty with strict utility, coupled with the best of modern workmanship, is a period not only to be applauded, but which in future years will be justly appreciated as being one of the golden eras in decoration and style. Indeed this is the kind of book which anyone interested in furniture, old and new, should read and study.

And everyone interested in their homes as an expression of something other than hire-purchase will enjoy it. It is well and very profusely illustrated as well.

An Entertaining Novel.

But, as I wrote above, there should always be in every house at least one room in which you may loll at ease and "san-fairy-ann" the result. It really is uncomfortable to shake with laughter on a seventeenth-century chair, while anyone who fills his rooms with those atrociously ornate cushions, so beloved of the wealthy and the tasteless, is simply asking for boredom. You simply must, for example, be sunk luxuriously and deeply on modern springs really to enjoy such a novel as Mr. John North's "St. Peter and the Profile" (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.). It is a jolly yarn with a thread of real excitement running through it. One can't imagine what on earth can be the mystery behind the private life of St. Peter (no relation to the Biblical saint), or what will be the result of having a perfect profile for the typist whom he met one afternoon enjoying a headache in Greenwich Park. As a matter of fact, the mystery in St. Peter's life, which had to be cleared up very quickly after he was run over by a charming girl driving a smart car, so that the outside world would never be the wiser, caused no end of excitement in the life of a young journalist, and also in our own lives as we read the book. The Perfect Profile, however, did not lead to any great reward, unless you consider having your side-face embossed on a series of toilet preparations a successful bid for immortality. But the best part of the book deals with the

Perfect Profile's parents and the home life they led in Lewis-ham. This is very amusing and true to life, because John North has refrained from deliberately "guying" the suburbs. But the whole story is readable to a degree. I don't quite know why, but all this clever writer's stories have that breathless quality about them which, curiously enough, makes the reader feel as if he were reading them on a whirlwind. And as a whirlwind carries you where it will, so do his stories prevent you from laying them aside until they have finished with you. "St. Peter and the Profile" is quite his breeziest and his best.

Another War Book.

I believe that anyone who can write at all and who went through the war can write an interesting war book. The subject is there. Their own reactions to its sublimity and its horror cannot fail to be impressive, moving. Unfortunately these mental, physical, and spiritual reactions to war must, of their very stupendousness, be strictly limited. Hence a very definite sameness has crept into war books which makes one feel at certain moments that, having read two or three, one has

read the whole lot. Published a couple of years ago, "A Generation Missing" (Heinemann. 5s.), might have caused a bigger sensation than it is likely to do as a recent publication. The only thing which differentiates it from others of its kind is the fact that the author, Carrol Carstairs, is an American who enlisted in the British Army and served in the Guards. The "missing generation" is, of course, those men between thirty and forty who, if they



Small Child (watching seagull): Isn't it funny how birds look so like aer'planes

were not actually killed, came through the war to begin their lives all over again at an almost insurmountable disadvantage. The author's descriptions of the actual warfare are wonderfully vivid. His own mental, moral, and spiritual experiences, too, are moving in the extreme. It is a purely personal record. But it is interesting, as all war books are interesting, because it is true, and because it does at least paint for us a facet of this truth.

Slightly Naughty but Quite Amusing.

"Irene Says . . ." (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), by Charles Lloyd-Jones, is an amusing picture of a lady who makes quite an honest living by helping men to provide that evidence upon which their wives may comfortably divorce them. Unfortunately Irene had something of a heart, but strangely enough this didn't handicap her in her career, though hearts are always dangerous when a girl has to live by her head alone. She had many clients, the most unusual among whom was Arthur Sheale, who deserved a divorce on his wife's account but was too much the gentleman to drag her infidelity into the open. Unhappily, neither could he drag himself towards those circumstances by which his wife could have got her freedom through him. Irene did all she could, but it took a tragedy to obtain Arthur his release after all. By which time also, unhappily, Irene has herself fallen for a man who bred horses. It is a lively story. Mildly naughty, but quite entertaining and not without a certain wit.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on page xl of this issue

SNAPPY DAYS



AT THE COLONY

Says the American caption to this recent snapshot of Mrs. Julian M. Gerard with Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, the great newspaper magnate's wife. Though Mr. Hearst does not always agree with the English point of view, he has paid Great Britain the compliment of buying an estate over here, namely, St. Donat's Castle



WELL KNOWN IN CO. WATERFORD: A GROUP AT TOURIN

Frank O'Brien

In front: Miss Godfrey and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart; and standing: Miss Ursula Godfrey, Miss Dorothy Musgrave, M.F.H., Mr. Sean O'Sullivan, and Mr. Ion Villiers-Stuart. Mr. O'Sullivan, the Irish portraitist, has been painting various members of the Musgrave family, including Miss Dorothy Musgrave, Master of the West Waterford, of which pack Mr. Villiers-Stuart is a former master



WEIGHT AND SHE

These two pictures of Dr. Marie Stopes and her family circle were taken at Heatherbank, the nice house she and her husband, Mr. H. V. Roe, inhabit at Hindhead. Her boys, Harry and Robin, are strapping young gentlemen aged six and five respectively. Dr. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.L., who champions quality rather than quantity where babies are concerned, has written poems, plays, a novel, and essays on palaeobotany (another of her pet subjects), in addition to many works of a more medical nature. Flying-matters are the chief interest of Mr. H. V. Roe, who, it will be remembered, established the famous Avro biplane



DR. MARIE STOPES WITH HER HUSBAND AND ELDER SON

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Amy Johnson.

LET us now praise famous women—but not to excess. It is possible to damn with too much praise more readily than with faint praise. It was Miss Amy Johnson's misfortune that, during her flight to Australia, she became the victim of the dropsical dithyrambs of the daily news sheets. Her golden hair provoked a rush of heavy type to the headlines and (inset) her parents, her sisters, her instructors, her friends, her friends' friends, and her friends' friends' friends told all they knew about her, and a good deal that they did not know, in 12-point italics. The result of this high-compression pæan of praise was to arouse in the minds of serious people doubts as to the magnitude of her achievement. Miss Johnson, as the method of her departure showed, is the last person who would

wish to receive more than her due, and therefore it is right that, in these notes for those who fly and who are consequently not carried away with amazement when anyone else does, her flight should be examined impartially and its merits assessed.

Accomplished by a male pilot, Miss Johnson's flight would have been meritorious, but not strikingly so. It would not have attracted much attention. Her journey to Karachi in six days was not, by a wide margin, the fastest journey between London and India, but it was the fastest solo journey and therefore deserving of recognition. Her flight to Australia was not a pioneer flight and it took some four days longer than Squadron-Leader Hinkler's, which was a pioneer flight. When Squadron-Leader Hinkler flew to Australia in 15½ days in 1928 the route was unorganized. Now there is at least the beginning of organization all the way. As a result Miss Johnson's flight, regarded objectively as an aeronautical achievement



F. King & Co.

MISS WINIFRED BROWN

Another of Britain's intrepid aviatrices and the winner of several recent air-racing trophies

and apart from the sex or age or personal appearance of the pilot, is of small merit. But it is impossible to eliminate the personal element in a flight of this kind, or of any kind even if it were desirable to do so. Miss Johnson, a member of the London Club, is twenty-two years old. She had had only ninety hours' flying experience when she set out for Australia; her only lengthy cross-country flight had been from London to her home in Hull; and, journalistically most important of all, she has golden hair. When considered as a feat performed by a young woman with little flying experience, her journey from England to

Australia becomes a wonderful achievement. Aeronautically its chief merit is that it will encourage other pilots to place a greater faith in the capabilities of their machines, and perhaps in themselves. Miss Amy Johnson's aeroplane was a Gipsy Moth, while Squadron-Leader Hinkler's was a Cirrus Avian. The light aeroplane, according to Captain de Havilland, has made possible this linking of Australia with England by a

private transport vehicle carrying one person. And Major Halford has played an important part in the development of this machine. He is responsible for the design of both the Gipsy and the Cirrus engines. The Cirrus was the nucleus of the original light aeroplane of Moth size. It was the pioneer of the four-cylinder in line, simple, car-type aero-engine, and its first conception was due to Major Halford.

A Topical Comparison.

It is impossible to help comparing the elaborate paraphernalia which the airship requires, the sheds and towers and crews and mechanical handling devices, with the simplicity and self-sufficiency of the light aeroplane in which, at the cost for petrol

and oil of just over one penny per mile, Miss Johnson travelled alone 10,400 miles to Australia after ninety hours' flying experience. Australia is now within reach of the light aeroplane of to-day flown by a pilot of average ability. Every part of the globe will be within reach of the light aeroplane of to-morrow.

Miss Johnson deserves the thanks of everyone who believes in aviation. She has accomplished a notable flight



LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

The only lady passenger in the "Graf Zeppelin" on her present voyage to South America and back, as she was on the former occasion when the airship crossed the Northern Atlantic. Lady Drummond-Hay is the widow of the late Sir Robert Hay-Drummond-Hay, C.M.G., who died in 1926, and was a kinsman of the Earl of Kinnoull, and is as famous as a writer on aviation and other subjects as she is as a most intrepid airwoman. Her articles in our stable-companion, "The Sphere," are always most interesting, whether they deal with Lady Drummond-Hay's adventures in the air or with world affairs. The "Graf Zeppelin's" most recent flight has been highly successful, and was luckily devoid of any untoward incidents



AIR CELEBRITIES AT BROOKLANDS

In this group, taken at the recent Brooklands Aero Club's Meeting, are: Captain Hope, Colonel the Master of Sempill, Mr. F. N. St. Barbe, Captain Cordes, Captain H. S. Broad, and Mr. Tapper. Both Captain Hope and Captain Broad are King's Cup winners, and the Master of Sempill is President of the Royal Aeronautical Society

F. King & Co.



REVENGE

By Tremator

POURPRE D'ORIENT

(CRIMSON of the ORIENT)

ROGER & GALLETT

PARIS

EPSTEIN—HIS MODEL AND HIS LATEST WORK



EPSTEIN'S "MADONNA AND CHILD"

MISS EILEEN HAWTHORNE



MISS HAWTHORNE AND A GENTLEMAN FROM THE EAST

For his latest work, "The Madonna and Child," Epstein did not use Miss Eileen Hawthorne as the model, though she has posed for him upon many other occasions. For his Madonna the sculptor selected a Parsi model, and probably showed a wise discretion in choosing one of the Semitic type. The work, like most of the rest of this sculptor, is provocative, and has been the subject of a definite measure of criticism. The Child model was also Eastern, and is of a type familiar to anyone who has ever had a chance of seeing the inhabitants of any Indian village or bazar.



"IT IS THE CAUSE . . ."—OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA

Mr. Paul Robeson, whose all-black Othello is the object of much discussion in theatreland, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft in the final scene at the Savoy. Miss Ashcroft's Desdemona sets the seal on the reputation made in "Jew Süss"

I SEEM to remember that when Mr. Godfrey Tearle played Othello at the Court Theatre in 1921 the critical concerned themselves not a little with the colour of his countenance:

Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have,

was a statement hard to reconcile, seeing that Mr. Tearle was a becoming shade of milk chocolate, falling short of burnt cork by several gradations of beige. My recollections are that Mr. Tearle achieved a noble performance, to which the music of his voice and the dignity of his presence gave enrichment. The colour scheme was certainly sparing, but it was the actor that mattered, not the grease paint.

I was not then, and am not now, prepared to swear how black a Moor should be. Othello, I take it, was dark brown, being an Arab. Shakespeare perhaps was not over-concerned with the exactitudes of the colour line. His noble Moor in the service of the Venetian State was "a black." That was sufficient to bestir the groundlings. Here was a problem for them from the very start of the tragedy. A dusky giant married to a white rose; the *ingénue* conquered by the cave man; a *mésalliance* of the first water; a marriage doomed to failure the moment Iago's machinations began to filter through the one weak link in the warrior's armour. For this Moor, despite all his nobility, was at heart a savage.

Thereafter the matter resolved itself into a study of jealousy on a Jove-like scale. Shakespeare, having loaded the dice

IAGO—MR. MAURICE BROWNE

A study in villainy in the minor key



for trouble, set about the shaking of them, heedful of but one purpose—that great last trump of tragedy and death in what we should now call a "bedroom scene." As the dramatist sweeps on to his objective the balance of dramatic power changes from the cold, calculating villain that is Iago to that "rash and most unfortunate man" whose ill-founded suspicions are no more explicable in the cold light of reason than his tormentor's elaborate revenge.

The first half of the play is Iago's. The Moor is an aloof, stately figure moving majestically across the middle distance; coming near in that early scene before the Duke and Senators in Council to defend his marriage; receding in Cyprus amid the mild excursions and alarms of his bloodless victory over the Turks (no one is asked to take this warring seriously), and looming larger and larger when Iago's crafty venom first casts a shadow on his rival, Cassio. Thereafter Othello—allowing Desdemona one brief scene to reveal her sweet and saddened nature—holds the stage.

The change is perfectly logical. It is as though one watched a small boy laying his plans to set fire to a house. While he steals the matches and makes ready our eyes are for the boy. The moment the flames take hold the miscreant is forgotten in watching the horror and grandeur of the burning. Only when the lurid light of destruction flares up in one final blaze do we see the guilty one silhouetted against the afterglow.

Thus should we see the face of Iago, "more fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea," in Othello's bedchamber, his work done—Emilia his wife and the poor dupe, Roderigo, murdered by his own hand, Desdemona strangled and suffocated by the Moor, Cassio wounded, and

now the Moor himself deposed from his command, "dying upon a kiss."

At the Savoy Theatre (second night) we saw all these things save the face of Iago. Othello's ancient stood near the footlights facing his captors almost in complete darkness. What light there was shone wanly on the trio of corpses by the bed—a four-poster of immense altitude—and the shocked group of officers. This extinction of Mr. Maurice Browne at the psychological moment of moments betokened no unpremeditated lapse on the part of the limelight man, Miss Ellen Van Volkenburg, the producer, or Mr. Browne, the presenter. The gloom profound (most of the scenes were played in a half-light) was part and parcel of the treatment deliberately accorded to the scenery designed by Mr. James Pryde. "In order to retain, so far as possible, the quality of Mr. Pryde's own paintings, no attempt," says a note in the programme, "has been made to light the scenes, particularly the exterior scenes, realistically; in the exterior



NEWMAN

EMILIA—MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE,
Iago's warm-hearted wife, played "all out" by our most experienced Shakespearean actress

scenes, the lighting of the sky, for example, has been treated not from the realistic point of view, but from the artist's."

Mr. Pryde's scenery is simple, dignified, and effective. But why he or anyone else should consider the décor in terms of the studio, and not the stage is a mystery which I do not presume to solve. The division of the stage into three levels, the second consisting of steps, has the advantage of facilitating speed and continuity by the use of curtains.

Agag. It was all very modern and intimate—and odd.

Mr. Ralph Richardson's Roderigo was Shakespearean, direct and good. Mr. Max Montesoole presented Cassio as a rather soulful inmate of the more refined parts of Chelsea. On the grounds presumably of Iago's description of his hated rival in Act I, Scene 1:



MR. RALPH RICHARDSON

Plays Iago's foolish dupe, Roderigo, with quiet humour until his dastardly murder in the dark

Forsooth a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle, knows
More than a spinster;

Iago calls him later "a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar and give direction," and deplores his one shortcoming—a weak head for liquor. Well, Mr. Montesoole may be right, though the Senate's sudden promotion of the ill-used Lieutenant over Othello's head seemed doubly surprising. On the other hand the war was over and intrigue at home may not have set much store by outward signs of the plumed troop, the neighing steed, and all that quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war to which Othello breathed eloquent farewell.

The bright particular spots in an oft-beclouded evening were undoubtedly the lovely, sincere, and natural Desdemona of Miss Peggy Ashcroft, and the virile, human Emilia of Miss Sybil Thorndike. A pretty combination of Youth and Experience. "TRINCULO."



MR. MONTESOOLE

Whose original Cassio suggests tea-cups in Chelsea rather than sword-thrusts in Cyprus

As a set-off the big scenes are relegated to the back of the stage, a necessity which seems to call for an abundance of light.

For the life of me I cannot understand Mr. Browne's urge to lure Mr. Paul Robeson into the part of Othello. Mr. Robeson's performance as the Emperor Jones is still a vivid memory. It was a superb picture of negroid psychology. His qualities as a singer, as an actor, and as a man having the reputation of unusual intellect, charm, and modesty, need no stressing. Mr. Robeson, hampered by an American accent which made service into "suvvice," but was, on the whole, not too insistent, spoke the lines with intense sincerity, pathos, and passion. He threw himself body and soul into the part. He had his "big" moments.

But the Moor was not an Ethiopian, even though the programme reminds us that nearly a hundred years ago Ira Aldridge, a young negro, played Othello to Dame Madge Kendal's Desdemona. Mr. Robeson in that famous speech before the Duke stood stock still, legs

MR. HORACE SEQUERIA

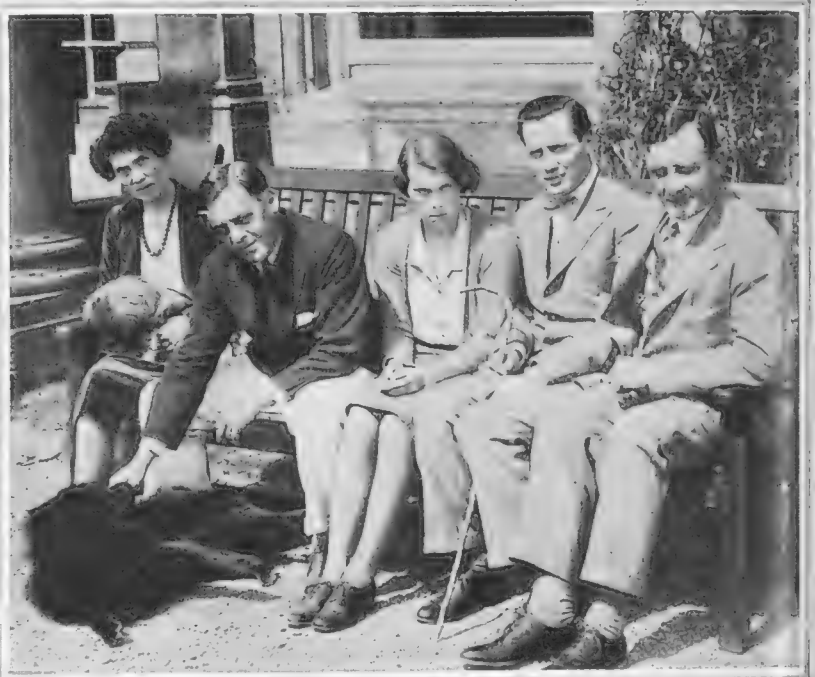
As the Clown (not one of Shakespeare's best)



"GIB." BEATS TANGIER AT POLO AT GIB.: A group taken after the match. The names, left to right, are: Colonel Lumb, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Katzaros, Mr. Sinclair, Commander Vivian, Mrs. Lumb, Mrs. Vivian, Miss Curtis, Lieut. Onslow, Lieut. Tyrwhitt, Lieut.-Commander Williams



A RECENT CHRISTENING: Standing—The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Villiers, Lady Maureen Brabazon, Lady Meath; seated—Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the Baby, and Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald



AT CLANDEBOYE: The Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin, Lady Veronica Blackwood, Mr. G. Printzshold, and Lieut.-Commander Thompson



AT MARKET RASEN: Condamine (P. O'Hara up), Captain Storie (trainer), Captain Stanley Wilson (owner), and Major Forde

The polo group at the top is of more than usual interest because the Tangier team came all the way over from Morocco to take on the Navy at Gib. Tangier (rec. 6) were beaten by 11 to 8, Mr. Gurney, the British Consul in Tangier, being in the visiting team. It was a very sporting effort. Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald's little daughter, a grand-daughter of the Knight of Glin, was christened at the Earl and Countess of Meath's house, Kilruddery, Bray. The baby was christened Fiola, and Lady Meath was one of the godmothers. Lord and Lady Dufferin were at Clandeboye, where Lord Dufferin gave an entertainment for a large number of ex-soldiers from the Galwelly and Craigavon Hospitals. Lord Dufferin was originally in the 9th Lancers. Condamine, owned by Captain A. Stanley Wilson of Tranby Croft, won the Legsby Chase at Market Rasen recently

AT HOME AND ABROAD



Ashbee

AT WEYBRIDGE: MR. W. M. Woodfull



Film Studio

AT HOLLYWOOD: Lord Brecknock, Mr. Cecil De Mille, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Brecknock, Miss Kay Johnson, and Miss Elsie Janis



Dennis Moss

AT BADMINTON: The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort (left and right), Mr. Winston Churchill (centre), Mrs. Winston Churchill, Miss Churchill, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Turner, Captain D. W. Gunston, M.P., Captain W. S. Morrison, M.P., and others



AT PISTANY, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA: Sir Herbert and Lady Ingram

The pictures on this page range from the Oatlands Golf-course at Weybridge, where the Australian skipper is seen putting in some time when the sodden turf made cricket impossible, over Hollywood and "Beaufortshire" to Czecho-Slovakia, where Sir Herbert Ingram, a brother of Captain Bruce Ingram, editor of "The Illustrated London News" and "Sketch," is fishing and doing a cure with Lady Ingram. Mr. Cecil de Mille is seen in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio demonstrating to the distinguished visitors how "talkies" are taken. The camera has to be insulated to keep in the noise of the gears. Miss Kay Johnson was in the "Madame Satan" film, and Miss Elsie Janis and all the other people in the group are too well known to need any introduction. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort's house-party at Badminton was given in connection with the Empire Day celebrations of the Thornbury Division Conservative Association

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



Carolus Duran

THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE—
THEN—

This reproduction of a picture by Carolus-Duran shows an ideal of beauty in Victorian times

TRÈS CHER,—Wouldn't you have thought one might expect to see all and every kind of "rubbish-burner" for the garden at the Horticultural Show? Well... one just doesn't. Not in this city. Lawn-mowers and hoses and fountains and dicky-bird baths and chemical fertilizers and greenhouses and furnaces and cisterns and marble cupids and insect exterminators and hives and incubators... but nary a rubbish-burner. Howsumever

there were gorgeous flowers and the greenest of green lawns (which, considering the sort of weather we are having, is not so much of a marvel, is it? rain being, I believe, good for grass and watercress and those kind of vegetables). There was also a terrific scrum. Such nonentities, such catalogue-grabbers and sample-collectors. The only Somebody I saw was Jane Renouardt, stuffing *gaufres* at the refreshment booth in the far distance. In a rough blue freize coat and snug little cap she looked like a charming *midixette*. Her appetite was such as Evelyn Waugh's young friend would describe as being somewhat fat-making! I wondered whether it was worth struggling through the traffic jam in order to find out what sort of fittings (cupids or incubators) she had been buying for that extremely nice house of hers just outside Paris when, apparently, she suddenly remembered that she was supposed to be appearing that afternoon at the *matinée* performance of Rip's revue at her théâtre. I have never seen her move so fast before. The crowd parted like Thames water in front of an Edgar Wallace police-boat. Nevertheless I'll bet they had to hold the curtain. Not that it matters much, for if ever a play started at the scheduled hour in Paris the audience would die of the shock and the late arrivals would want their money back.

From that crowd I went on to another... rather worse because it was an indoor one. It belonged to the "sixth *Après-midi* du livre" at the Hôtel Salomon de Rothschild. At this affair *hoi polloi* come and buy books from well-known (and other) authors who autograph them—same in the sacred name of charity. They are aided in their good work (or works?) by well-known (and, again, less ditto) actresses. Hugette ex-Duflos was selling Paul Achard's delightful dog book, "Nous, les chiens," but Mistinguett, who had promised to give a hand, also was not visible to the naked eye. The stalls around which the crowd was the densest were, of course, Colette's and Maurice Dekobra's. Colette, who believes that if one wants a thing well done one should do it oneself, was attending to her

own wares, and her witty spie'ing was hard to withstand, besides nobody wanted to withstand it. Anita Dorchitz was helping Maurice Dekobra who, being a male, is shy, retiring, and bashful. Since Anita can be amusing in seven different languages, you can imagine what an invaluable sales-lidy she was. It was almost impossible in that crowd to see who was and who wasn't there, but I think I had a glimpse (about half a square inch of the family nose) of Bertrand de Jouvenel, whose book "l'Homme Révé," written in collaboration with his wife, Marcelle Prat, has caused somewhat of a ripple by reason of the "portrait" it contains of his own very youthful-looking and blonde mamma, Madame Boas de Jouvenel, who is a well-known political hostess in Paris and a prominent personality in all international festivities. President Doumergue came to this book-sale and was a mark for every smiling wench. Rather marked, the way I followed him around that day; he had been at the Flower Show also.

Being a "Pictures" fan of the most rabid kind (I would rather go to a good silent Movie than to most of the plays one has to listen to nowadays) I am really thrilled about the new *Cinéma* that has just been opened on the left bank of the river, in the rue Victor Cousin—le *Cinéma du Panthéon*. It specializes in giving American and British "talkies" in English. Great news, for the semi-translated *parlants* we have seen up to the moment in Paris have been pretty poor. The French version of *The Love Parade* was the saddest thing out. It wasn't a "talkie" at all but merely a sound film with here and there a sentence or two in French, just to try and keep us happy.



Germaine Krull

—AND NOW

Madame de Pompadour, the operetta by Leo

Fall that was, I believe, sung in London a few seasons ago by Evelyn Laye, has just been produced by Léon Volterra at the Marigny Théâtre. A pleasant play in a pleasant place. The Marigny is certainly the most agreeable of the "closed" summer theatres. The lobbies are cool and the lounges comfy, and the Champs Élysées are just outside, invitingly a-waiting them-as-likes to stretch their legs during the *entr'actes*. Agreeable to have a little stroll and a little smoke under the trees; really quite nice. This production will be a boon to the Younger Set when it's at its wits' end to know what to do with the Old Folk. It is often so difficult for the bright young creatures to know where to take—or where to send—their elders nowadays in Paris. This summer it will be *Madame de Pompadour* every time... and the *Cremailière* is just round the corner in the Place Beauvau for dinner first, so convenient, and Langier's next door for supper afterwards. How I love Paris, Très Cher... and food.—Love, P.



MLLE. ANDRÉE LAFAYETTE

The beautiful French film star, who has made a successful stage début at the Odéon, and is at the moment in London engaged on the film founded on "Lord Richard in the Pantry"—Cyril Maude's success—and she returns to Paris every Sunday to keep her engagement at the Odéon

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?"



A SPRING-TIME FANTASY—QUITE NEAR LONDON

Chas. E. Brown

It would not be very difficult to imagine that Titania and her friends—Peace-blossom, Moth, Mustard-seed, Cobweb, and all the other gauze-winged sprites of fairyland—had been caught in these charming pictures. Unhappily they are all mortals, and in real life, as may be said, some particularly lively little pupils of the Mayfair School of Dancing, acting in a little fantasy all about a little boy and a little girl who fell asleep in an enchanted garden and dreamt that the fairies fluttered down and smothered the trees in flowers. Because of the low thermometer the real fairies are working overtime to get the countryside properly dressed in its spring clothes

THE GOOD COMPANIONS AT LE TOUQUET

A Friendly Golf Gathering



MRS. RAY ATHERTON
AND MR. FOLLETT



THE HON. MRS. PIERS LEGH AND
CAPTAIN WESTMACOTT TAKE IT EASY



LADY BELPER AND HER FATHER,
THE HON. DOUGLAS TOLLEMACHE



MISS FORBES ON
THE FAIRWAY



LADY MARY HERBERT, COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER,
THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY, AND THE EARL OF DUDLEY,
SHOT BY THE CAMERA OPPOSITE THE CLUB HOUSE



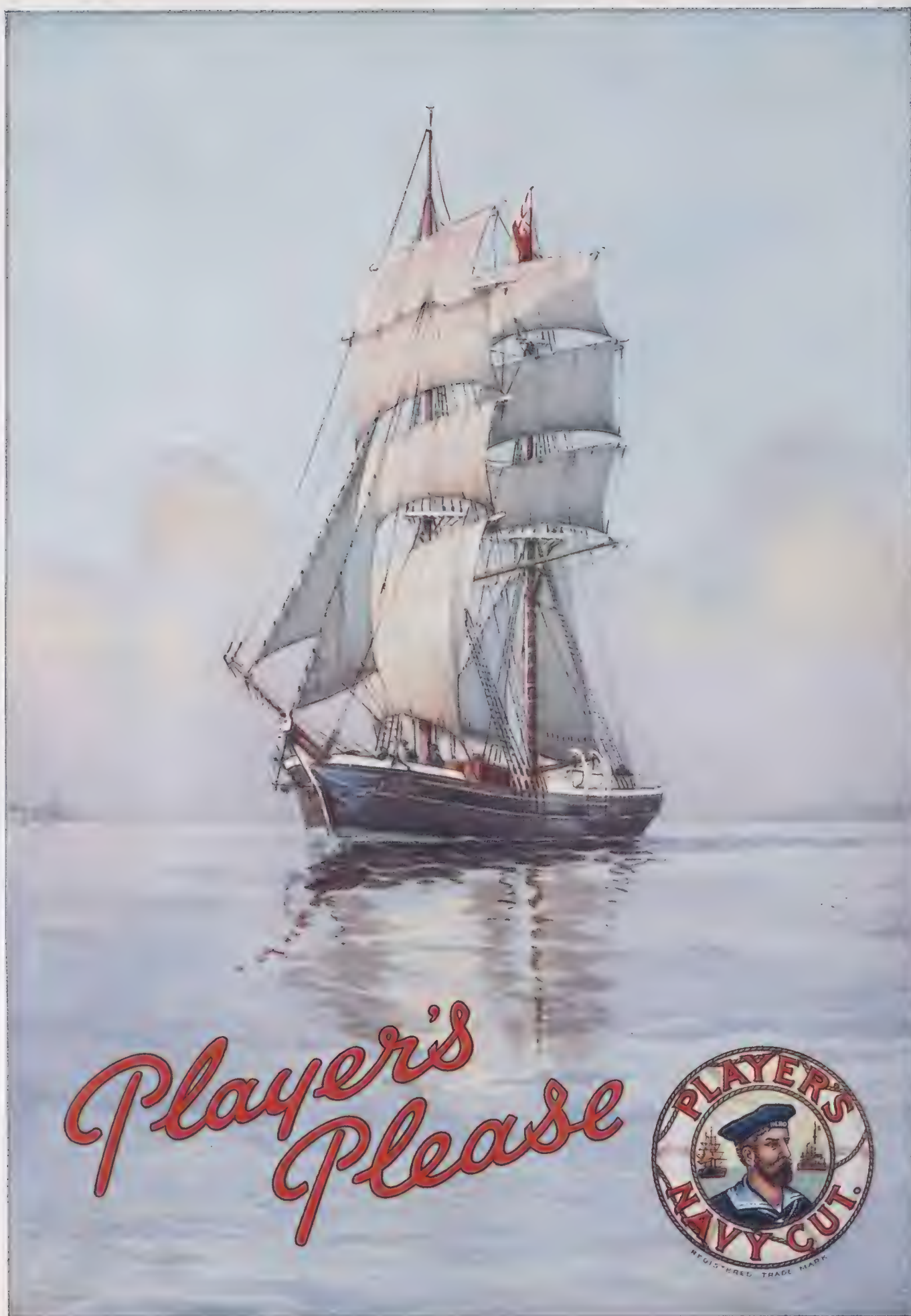
LORD CARLISLE AND SIR
HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD

A week-end of friendly matches at Le Touquet was the result of the recent visit to this delightful locality of the Turf Club's golfing fraternity. All the contestants stayed the course well and backers had a good run for their money, the form justifying the handicapping. Mrs. Ray Atherton, who, as Miss Maud Hunnewell, participated in many first-class golf battles, is no stranger to Le Touquet, and the North Berwick course is also one of her favourites. Lord Newton's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Piers Legh, was in good fettle, and so was Lady Belper, who hits a golf-ball with determination and success. Lady Mary Herbert is Lord and Lady Ilchester's elder daughter and the wife of Captain John Herbert, who is in the Blues. Countess Paul Munster was Miss Peggy Ward before her marriage last year. Her uncle, Lord Dudley, and his wife are pillars of Le Touquet, and their villa is the centre of pleasant parties during the summer months. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who takes golf in his stride, has ridden plenty of winners across country and also has an owner's interest in flat-racing.



"I THEN BECAME SUSPICIOUS"

By Patrick Bellew



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"Sergeant Grischa" as a Talkie

Arnold Zweig's famous War book has just been produced as a talking-film by Herbert Brenon and opened its season at the Marble Arch Pavilion last Sunday. "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" was originally written as a play in 1921, but not until it was published as a novel seven years later was it recognised as one of the classics of War literature. Most people are familiar with the plot, founded on fact, which concerns a Russian prisoner on the Eastern Front; his escape and recapture; his assuming of the identity of a dead Russian deserter; his love for the Lithuanian peasant girl Babka and her efforts to save him; the intervention on his behalf of the Divisional General, von Lychow; the



THE PRISONER

Corporal Sacht (Paul McAllister) stands guard over Sergeant Grischa while Babka makes a last appeal to the unyielding Rittmeister von Brettschneider (Frank McCormack) to save Grischa from the death penalty ordered by the Commander-in-Chief



BABKA (BETTY COMPSON) GIVES BJUSCHEFF'S AMULET TO SERGT. GRISCHA (CHESTER MORRIS)

long dragging out of his case; and his final condemnation and death in the interests of German military discipline. The film is another triumph for Mr. Brenon, who produced "Beau Geste" and "Sorrel and Son." Though fragile Betty Compson hardly suggests the Babka of the book—"the rough peasant woman who had fought two fights and killed three men with her own hand"—her playing of the part has its own particular appeal. Chester Morris is a convincing Grischa, and Alec Francis is well cast as General von Lychow. Mr. Francis, who was at Uppingham and intended to become a monk but enlisted instead, went on the stage after leaving the army,



GRISCHA ESCAPES FROM THE
TIMBER PRISON CAMP



"I'LL HELP YOU, SILLY SOLDIER BOY"



THE HUMAN GENERAL: ALEC FRANCIS
AS EXCELLENZ VON LYCHOW



H.M. THE KING OF DENMARK, THE CROWN PRINCE, AND PRINCE KNUD PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENMARK'S QUEEN

SEAFARERS



ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK FIELD, THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD, WITH (right) ADMIRAL SIR ERNLE CHATFIELD



SIR FISHER DILKE (left) AND MR. RUSSELL COOKE LEAVING THE R.Y.S.



MAJOR DOUGLAS GRAHAM AT COWES LAST WEEK



BRIG.-GENERAL NOEL LOWRY-CORRY AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. FEILDING

In this assemblage of those who go down to the sea in ships the top left-hand picture was taken on board "Danne Brog" by the Queen of Denmark. It is one of the many exceedingly interesting snapshots taken by royal photographers which form the Kodak Exhibition now on view at 5a, Pall Mall East. The exhibition is in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund. Admiral Sir Frederick Field, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who succeeds Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden as First Sea Lord, has been C.-in-C. of the Mediterranean Fleet since 1928 and was previously Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff at the Admiralty. Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., the new C.-in-C. of the Mediterranean Fleet, was appointed to command the Atlantic Fleet last year. The three remaining photographs were taken at Cowes, where a good deal of week-end cruising activity is now noticeable. Sir Fisher Dilke, who owns "Windrush," has a country house near Titchfield. Major Douglas Graham was aboard his yacht "Zanzara" last week, and two more members of the Squadron, General Lowry-Corry and Sir Geoffrey Feilding, were also taking a May view of the Solent

LIVING PICTURES OF HISTORY AND ART



DECORATING THE REGENCY PERIOD

Lady Jean Dalrymple as Mrs. Gunning, Mrs. Eustace Robb as Perdita Robinson, the Hon. Mrs. Inigo Freeman-Thomas as Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Mr. Christopher Sykes as the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), were among the people who helped to make a spectacular success of "Episodes of the Regency," organized by Lady Huntingdon at His Majesty's Theatre last week. More participants appear above on the right

MISS CALDWELL AS LADY HORATIA WALDEGRAVE AND SIR EDWARD NAYLOR-LEYLAND AS LORD NELSON



A LIVING PLAQUE

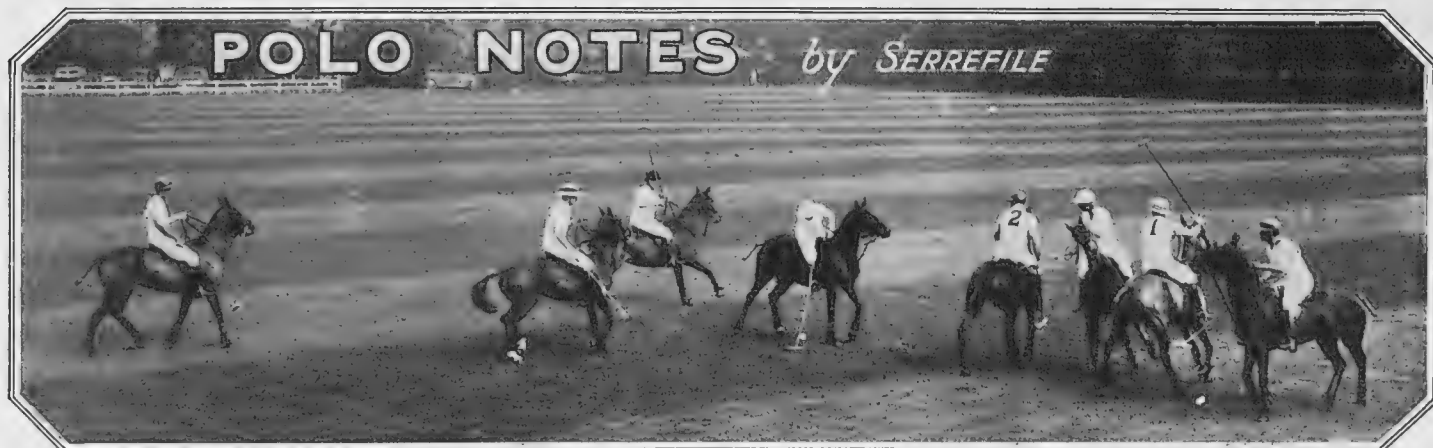
Lady Brownlow, Mr. Oliver Messel, and Miss Teresa Jungman, representing "The Apotheosis of Virgil," one of the many lovely tableaux which did honour to the art of Josiah Wedgwood at the Wedgwood Ball held at the Park Lane Hotel last Thursday as part of the bicentenary celebrations. Any amount of trouble had been taken in the production of the tableaux, and each "piece" was greeted with terrific applause. Mrs. Ronald Balfour, who was Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis until a short time ago, looked entrancing as a component part of a pair of candlesticks, and Miss Valerie French achieved complete immobility as the beautifully posed "Diana." Mr. Oliver Messel, the master mask-maker, gave himself a new nose for the occasion, and the plaque in which he was the centre of feminine admiration was quite wonderfully done



AFTER WEDGWOOD: MISS VALERIE FRENCH AS DIANA THE HUNTRESS



MRS. RONALD BALFOUR AT THE WEDGWOOD BALL



THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL TRIAL—AT HURLINGHAM

W. A. Rouch

The game on May 24 is held to have virtually decided what collected a scratch side to try the newly-formed International England. The match is fully

our team v. America is to be, for Captain Tremayne team, which probably was the strongest available in all referred to in these notes

THE fourth trial match in our International series was played at Hurlingham on May 24. It was the first time that the No. 1 ground at this club had been used this season, and up to almost the last moment it was just the spin of a coin as to whether polo would be possible, for the weather had behaved in its customarily vulgar manner all through the week. One more shower would have put the lid on things and caused the postponement of a second of these very necessary games. I mention these facts in order that anyone who is not here may understand some of the difficulties under which operations have to be carried out and to demonstrate how much wiser it would have been if we had adopted America's sporting suggestion that we should send our proposed team out to California very early on in the year and let it get fettle-up there. We cannot trust the English climate as far as anyone could fling a bull by the tail—and that isn't very far.

We are having first-class weather for paddling, gardening, or even fox-hunting, but even a super-optimist might think twice before he asserted that it was best suited to polo, cricket, or the pat-ball game.

As to this fourth trial, what we saw were two very first-class scratch teams—eight individuals of, I think we are entitled to say, International class—but as each side was put together for the first time, it would have been a miracle if either of them had displayed itself as a machine as well-oiled and smooth-running as, say, the engine of a Rolls-Royce car, which incidentally is a very silent bit of mechanism. How



"VERNON"

Lieut.-Colonel V. A. S. Keighley, the famous senior polo umpire at Hurlingham, and himself no mean exponent of the game when he was younger and in the times when he was O.C. the Viceroy of India's Bodyguard and in the 18th Lancers, I.A.

could these two teams be otherwise than what they were, and how, under such circumstances, can any criticism be fair? There was very little in it any way, as the score chukker by chukker displays:

BLUES 0, 3, 1, 2, 0, 2 = 8

WHITES 2, 0, 0, 3, 1, 0 = 6

The Blues, or trial International side, collected one of their last two goals off a penalty for a dangerous foul by Colonel P. K. Wise—a 40-yarder bang in front of the goal mouth.

I expect everyone who has gone racing has heard it said when there has been a short-head result, that the fine artist on the winner could have won on either of them? For the first-class jockey in the present case read "the world's finest polo player," Captain C. T. I. Roark. Both these teams were all out for blood, and the game was as fast as the ground would let it be. In the winners we saw the team America has picked for us. It is probably the right one when it has been given a chance to acquire that Rolls-Royce condition which is so indispensable. The teams were, for the information of those who were not lucky enough to be there to see the game—

BLUES (8)

1. Captain R. George;
2. Mr. Gerald Balding;
3. Captain C. T. I. Roark;
- Back, Mr. Aidan Roark.

WHITES (6)

1. Mr. S. Sanford;
2. Mr. L. Lacey;
3. Major E. G. Atkinson;
- Back, Colonel P. K. Wise.

Four of these eight are ex-Internationals—Captain R. George, Captain C. T. I. Roark, Mr. L. Lacey, and Major E. G. Atkinson—
(Continued on p. xvi)



THE INTERNATIONAL PONIES

W. A. Rouch

Some of the ponies so far collected at walking exercise at the stables at Ranelagh. This part of the organization has been Captain Maurice Kingscote's special department, and he has done his work magnificently. We are still short, but the deficit is to be made up by purchase



The great advance

In the matter of dress, we are very much more comfortable than we were twenty-five years ago. The frills, the trimmings, the infinite fussiness of the Edwardian fashions have disappeared. And in their place we wear clothes that give entire comfort and absolute freedom. Clothes that are entirely in keeping with the demands of our workaday world.

Certainly there has been a great advance. Only in one respect have we lagged behind, and that is in the matter of our shoes. The majority of us are still wearing the same constricting, uncomfortably-shaped shoes of a former era. These shoes do not conform to the ground plan of the normal, healthy foot. They disregard its straight, inner line. They squeeze and bunch it into an unnatural shape and make all walking very tiring. But Cantilever Shoes are different. For Cantilever Shoes rescue your feet from all discomfort. They have a straight inner line which gives your toes plenty of room and enables you to walk freely, joyously and tirelessly. You will find miles of smiles in Cantilever Shoes. They are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. There is a pair that will fit you beautifully.

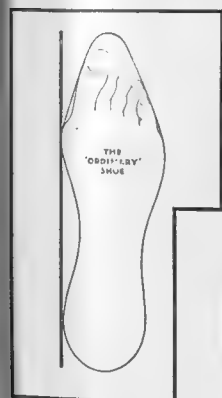
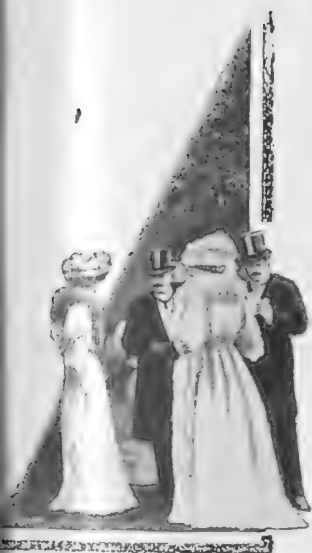
Cantilevers must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store.

Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

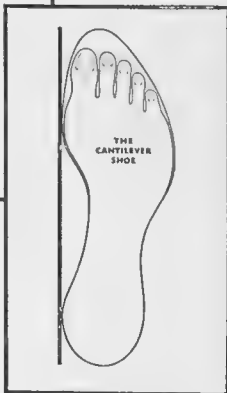
CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

Cantilever Shoes

for comfortable walking.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.



This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND
THE HON. AMBROSE GREVILLE

A recent snapshot of the widow of the late Earl of Warwick, who was affectionately known to so many of his friends as Guy Brooke. The Hon. Ambrose Greville is the youngest of the three sons. The present Earl is nineteen

London Town has its uses I have no doubt, and we have had an exciting time reading that in the opinion of all males under twenty-five all males over forty should be put into a lethal chamber, and we have been entranced further by reading the views of that enormous percentage of the female population under twenty-five upon the "Young Men of To-day." In this latter case the ladies appear to have exhausted all the epithets, excepting those used most frequently in the Army and Navy and the war books, in an endeavour to put these Young Men in the place to which they are supposed to belong. This is all very good so far as it goes, but why should it not go a bit farther? Cock-fighting was made illegal some time ago, but if certain opponents were selected and then made to sign a sworn declaration that the laws relating to libel and what the police reports call "insulting behaviour," should be waived for this occasion only, and that the competitors could say exactly what they thought of one another, it would beat any cock-fighting main that ever was fought. Here are a few suggestions for appropriate opposite numbers:

Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Philip Snowden.
The Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Stalin.
Mr. Trotsky and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.
The Right Rev. Dr. Barnes and the Head Keeper of the Ape House at the Zoo.
Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Head Carver (roast beef) at Simpson's.
The ex-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and the Lord Privy Seal.
H.E. Lord Irwin and Low.
Mr. George Belcher and his leading model (female).
Mr. Jacob Epstein and the P.R.A.
Mr. Maxton and the Editor of "The Morning Post."
Phil Scott and Tom Sharkey (Cuckooski).
Scarface Al and the President of the U.S.A.
Mr. C. B. Cochran and He Who Gets Slapped.
Mr. James Agate and some assorted theatrical managers.

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

The setting on of various classes of our fellow human beings to fly at one another's throats in print in one of the crepuscular papers of

This little list is probably capable of a good deal of elaboration, but it may give some enterprising newspaper a happy idea for a "stunt" that would be far more interesting than generalities such as "I think the modern young man is an ape," etc., etc.

Owing to this being Derby week, a fact which did not occur to me when I published my friend "The Mariner's" excellent letter about this anti-hunting Bill, backed by the R.S.P.C.A., in these notes last week, some further observations and correspondence about it and Major Van der Byl's anti-trapping campaign which has not been aided very much by the R.S.P.C.A., must reluctantly be held over for the moment. It is, however, very good ammunition and will not spoil by keeping.



LADY LEIGHTON

Who made a wonderful flight of over 4,000 miles from Croydon to Basrah to remove her niece, Miss Cynthia Perkins, from hospital, where she was lying seriously ill, and took her to Cairo. The plane used in this achievement is in the background. The snapshot was taken at Gaza

risk our scanty shekels in connection with the course over which we propose to back it? There is another old racing saw which says that "they will gallop in all shapes." Perfectly true; but I have believed that it is always rather prudent to consider also the shape of the course over which they are to perform. Epsom is not every horse's dog, and that is why I think it was rather foolish of anyone to say that, because Writ won on a course which was all turns (Chester), and

(Continued on p. viii)

It is possible that anyone who draws Trews may have a good thing on in the Derby!

The job of finding the winner of the Derby is my friend "Mr. Guardrail's," not mine—thank Heaven!—but a few collateral observations I think are anyone's target. Do we pay as much attention, I wonder, to the horses-for-courses idea, and do nine-tenths of us take the trouble to look at the conformation of anything upon which we propose to



MR. ERNEST TORRENCE

The famous film actor snapped on his recent arrival at Southampton from America. Mr. Torrence is a Scotsman and was originally intended for a musical career, then went on the stage and finally on the flickers



DEMEYER

ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE YOURSELF?

Who hasn't had the experience—of looking casually into an unexpected mirror, at somebody's party—to see a face that after a confused instant became your own! None of that unconscious mental preparation with which you usually approach a mirror—you didn't expect to see yourself

Were you glad that face was yours? Elizabeth Arden believes you should be

Hundreds—thousands of women have brought their beauty problems to Miss Arden. The sane, scientific methods that have built her fame appealed to their intelligence. You would expect her to be thorough—she *is*. Figure, carriage, face, hands—no province of loveliness is neglected. With the resources of Miss Arden's Salons at your disposal,

you have no excuse for being less than glad to see yourself

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment assures you of a face as newly fresh and lovely as this season's new figure

First of all, a glorious cleansing (nobody cleanses enough—literally tons of grime sift down on this modern world). Then your muscles are given a firm, helping hand with the new manipulative treatments to lift the sagging contours and tissues back to firmness and elasticity

Now with a clean, clear skin and your muscles well up, you should investigate the Vienna Youth Mask which pours into the inner tissue that electric energy which keeps one young!

For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone Gerrard 0870

FOR THE REGULAR HOME CARE OF THE SKIN MISS ARDEN DESIGNATES:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream . . . 3/6, 8/6, 15/6, 45/-

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart shops everywhere

ARDENA VELVA CREAM

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Dorothy Wilding

A YOUNG POETESS: MISS LEONORA BROOKE

The elder daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak (Sir Charles Vyner Brooke and the Hon. Lady Brooke), who has just published a book of charming little poems, some of which were written when she was sixteen. She is now nineteen. Her mother is a sister of the present Lord Esher, and was the Hon. Sylvia Brett

MISS GLENNA COLLETT, the American golf player, is responsible for an amusing story concerning a man who, laden with clubs, was making his way through a side-street in a certain remote village when he found his way barred by a local lady of determined aspect.

"You be late," she said sternly; "but you be spruce enough."

Rural familiarity thought the golfer; so he replied pleasantly enough that he thought he would be in time for one round.

"Ah, but there be a couple," answered the lady; "the parlour and the kitchen."

"Parlour and kitchen?" gasped the astonished man.

"Ay!" was the reply. "Bain't you come to sweep the chimneys?"

The hostess was talking to some of her guests when her daughter rushed up to her, followed by her attentive partner, from the room where progressive whist had been played. "Oh, mother!" she cried, "I've just captured the booby."

Her mother looked up with a fond smile. "Well, well," she murmured, "come here and kiss me, both of you."

A man had gone to a Missouri town with the idea of getting up a show, and started by making a few inquiries of the landlord of his hotel. "Your town boasts a band, doesn't it?" he asked. "Wal, no, stranger," responded his host. "We've got a band, but we don't exactly boast of it. We jest endure it."

The householder, clad in his pyjamas, gave a shout of joy: "By jove, a real burglar! I say, just wait a minute, will you?"

"While you call a copper, eh?" sneered the burglar; "not likely!"

"Oh, no," replied the man, "only while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for twenty years, and it'll be a real pleasure to her to see you at last."

Mr. Jones was going into town, so his wife asked him to call at the grocer's and order a pound of butter, two pounds of lard, and three gallons of oil.

"All right," said Jones; "but I'm sure all those greasy things will slip my memory."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A woman who did not understand the language of business went into the Bank of England, and, addressing the first official she saw, explained that she wished to consult someone about her War Loan holding. The clerk to whom she talked happened to be rather a grave person. He inquired: "Is it a case of conversion or redemption, madam?"

"Conversion . . . redemption," faltered the woman. "Er, pardon me . . . is this the Bank of England or the Church of England?"

"I consider," said the motorist to a stout lady of plebeian aspect with whom he had had the misfortune to collide, "that the fault was entirely yours, madam, for standing gaping about in the middle of the road in that manner."

"I was not gaping about," retorted the irate lady; "I was inhaling a taxi."

A negro was credited with being able to eat and drink at one sitting four loaves of bread, four pounds of cheese, and four quarts of beer. A man who had seen him perform this feat made a wager with a friend that the negro could repeat it.

A room was engaged at a local inn, and the viands were spread upon the table. Sambo, in the presence of his backer and opposer and numerous witnesses, started on his task. All went well until three parts of the food and drink had been consumed, when Sambo, heaving a deep sigh, admitted himself beaten.

"Sorry, boss," he said to his supporter; "I'se full to de eye-brows. I can't eat no more."

"You faithless wretch," roared his backer, "you've made me lose twenty pounds."

"Well, boss," replied Sambo, "I don't know what's de matter with me. I was all right at rehearsal dis morn'ing."



LADY SWANN

Hugh Cecil

The wife of Sir Duncan Swann, who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Swann, last year. Lady Swann is the daughter of the late Captain R. H. Johnson, who was in the 64th Foot, known to-day as the 1st Battalion the Prince of Wales's North Staffordshire Regiment

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DAWN WIND

Why did you weave a seven-fold Spell around me
 And make my heart a Mirror for your face?
 The rainbow throng of lovely Dancers found me
 Meshed in your dewy webs of Youth and Grace.

Fleeing the flickering torches, and wild laughter,
 You breathe the Dawn Wind by your balustrade:
 Did you not know I needs must follow after
 To woo you with Abdullas, unafraid?

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA · TURKISH · EGYPTIAN

THE LIVERPOOL CITY COUNCIL



SOME WHO CELEBRATED LIVERPOOL'S JUBILEE—BY FRED MAY

This year is Liverpool's Jubilee of her attainment to the dignity of a city, as the letters patent date from May 11, 1880, and this is a gallery of some of her most distinguished City Fathers

Mr. Laurence D. Holt, Liverpool's Lord Mayor, belongs to a very old Liverpool family, and is a magnate of the Holt Line; Councillor Sir Thomas White is a former Lord Mayor and the Leader of the Conservative Party at Liverpool; Alderman Russell Taylor is a former Lord Mayor for Liverpool; Alderman H. A. Cole is Chairman of the Libraries, Museum, and Arts Committee, and was unable to accept the Lord Mayoralty on account of health; Alderman W. W. Kelly is one of the greatest figures in the north, and is well known in theatrical circles; Mr. Michael O'Mahony was until a few weeks ago the greatest figure in the City Council. He is a writer of high distinction. Mr. Percy Corkhill is the Lord Chamberlain of Liverpool; Councillors G. E. Holme, J. G. Graham Reece, and C. G. Gordon are well known; and Councillor Frank Wilson is a former Lord Mayor

AFTER Formby and the Open Championship, one deep breath to get over the shocks of the week, and, then a dash to Llandudno, where the Welsh players were already deeply immersed in their team Championship. Southerndown came through triumphantly with a seven-love win in the final from Tenby, and then, without a moment's pause, away the players went again in the bogey competition for the Radyr Cup, which Miss Jestyn Jeffries won with 4 down, a truly splendid score considering the wind and the rain—and the long grass.



their ball, play somebody else's and so be disqualified; take several shots to get out again, the net result being that they would fail to qualify—when all this was terrifying the majority out of playing anything like their normal game, Miss Jeffries was going serenely on her way, making the most of beautifully easy lies through the green, keeping (or getting) out of the grass with great success, playing excellent pitches, and so qualifying first with 89, the only player to keep below 90! That out of a field of eighty! But then it must be remembered that not



The winner of the L.G.U. Cup at Llandudno: Mrs. Ashton Smalley (left) with Miss Bottomley. Mrs. Smalley is a member of Tenby

Truman Howell

A group at the Herefordshire Spring Meeting at Hereford. Included are Mrs. Ravenhill (captain), Mrs. P. Fox, Miss Pritchett, Miss Peters, Mrs. Maryott, Miss Stillman, Miss Gelarde, Miss Andrews, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Horton, Miss Vaughan, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Matthey, and Mrs. Barnsley

Eve at Golf

The Welsh Championship and the Start of the Irish

By ELEANOR E. HELME

Every Championship has one obsession. At Formby it was the Americans, here at Portmarnock, where the Irish is just beginning, it is the

many of those eighty aspire to championship form.

The Welsh meeting is a grand gala where, having failed to qualify, or being beaten in an early round, you still go on steadily playing two competition rounds per day under handi-

cap, medal in the morning and bogey in the afternoon, until the day of the final. It is not pot-hunting in the vulgarly accepted meaning of the Act, no dazzling array of strange prizes, either (or neither) useful or ornamental, greets the eye or rewards the winner—as for instance at the Yorkshire Handicap Challenge Bowl Meeting—only magnificent challenge bowls which are exchanged at the end of twelve months for little replicas.

After the qualifying round scoring improved, as the grass was shorn, the weather cheered up, and the players began to find there was no need to take alarm if only they would keep straight. There was, for instance, a very stout return of 99—23=76 for Glamorganshire Cup from Miss Slater, one down for the Newport Cup from Miss Kittermaster. As for the championship, local opinion as expressed by the caddies fancied Miss Dampney for the title on the strength of good golf and two slashing wins by 8 and 7 on the first day; the players themselves coupled Miss Pyman with Miss Dampney and Miss Jeffries, but only if something quite unlooked-for happened to Mrs. Rieben, who had apparently used up her worst in the qualifying. But this particular critic, lying low and sayin' nuffin' (having been an extremely bad prophet about Formby), pinned faith on Miss Jeffries, partly because of her record of three wins in the 1929 county finals and two in the 1830 Internationals, partly because of her delightful shots up to the hole, and partly because the effect of a real fright in the first round from Mrs. Eayes—who exceeded all expectations by taking her to the last green—was to make Miss Jeffries play really well and win by

(Continued on p. xxiv)



Miss E. McKivor was amongst the qualifiers, and her Eve an interested spectator at the Welsh Championship played at Llandudno



Mrs. Rieben, the runner-up in the Welsh Championship (won by Miss Jeffries), with Miss Pyman, a semi-finalist. Mrs. Rieben won this event last year

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NEEDED WITH
THIS NEW
ALUMINIUM
STOPPER
CORK

Willing B.C.C.

Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

that it really might keep up to date with the cataloguers. Well, Midas senior had his views about speed, if Midas junior thought otherwise, and the birthday gift was just an "ornery" little car. Which, when all is said and done, is not, or should not be, unacceptable to a youth who is only just old enough to qualify for his driving licence. Young Midas went to Brooklands, Young Midas read the technical papers, Young Midas sent for pamphlets . . . and in the end Young Midas wrecked his little car with the most wonderful set of sparking-plugs you have ever seen. They were exactly similar to those which had broken all records upon a car coming off the Tallulah Bank at Brooklands, they had figured in the world's record stunt at Montezuma, they were going to have been used upon the fifty-first attempt at record upon the Burnham Beech . . . and, in short, they had established a most marvellous record for themselves. Y.M. got a set at the most modest price of thirty bob. He placed them in the heads of his tiny engine, and at the end of a mile or so the poor little thing petered out. The plugs were unscrewed and, oh—shame that it should be said—they were covered with oil. If Young Midas had rung me up I could have told him that that was for a very good reason. Plugs designed for super-charged compression ratios of about 7 to 1 are not liable to



MRS. SOFER-WHITBURN AND MISS SYBIL HARE

At the Bath and Somerset Races last week where Mrs. Sofer-Whitburn won the Bathminton Plate with Mary Fischer, a two-year-old filly by Gainsborough

The Revenge Themselves.

NOT a very long time ago one of those fellah-me-lads who infest golf-clubs and crowd the parks thereof with sports models, assured me that he was getting rather "hard" of motor-cars because the makers teed them up so effectively that there was really very little that their owner-drivers could do to them. "Oh," I said, "you can always make them worse, and then think of the six weeks of fun you will have in trying to get them back to what they were before." This chap has since confided to a common acquaintance his conviction that I am a cynic. If it be the mark of a cynic to tell an unpalatable truth, having got bored with the torrent of untruths to which I am obliged to listen, then "cynic" must go upon the waterproof label which is tied round my neck when I cross the water with Old Charon. But I doubt whether the mere ability to laugh at other people's misfortunes will entitle me to that exclusive classification. This is all, as I cannot deny, a preamble to a true story, to which there are so many morals that I will not attempt to recite them. Old Man Midas bought a car—at least a thing on four wheels—for Young Midas. Y.M. thanked his daddy with his tongue in his cheek for what he really wanted was a sports model, and I expect that when he got upon his knees he lost no time in telling Providence



MR. R. C. DAWSON AND THE HON. MRS. DUBERLEY

Another Bath and Somerset snapshot. Mr. R. C. Dawson is the Aga Khan's trainer, and the Hon. Mrs. Duberley is an aunt of Lord Nunburnholme



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR TOWLE

Golfing at Turnberry last week. Mr. Arthur Towle, who is a son of the late Sir William Towle, and a brother of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Francis Towle, is the manager of that famous organization, the Midland Hotels. Mrs. Arthur Towle was Miss Margery Lawrence, the well-known authoress

get unduly hot in "soft" buzzabout motors. But Young Midas knew a trick worth two of that. He instantly concluded that the oil was wrong . . . else how could it get upon the plugs . . . and entirely ignoring the recommendation printed in the maker's hand-book (had he cared to read it), he emptied the sump and filled up with the thickest lubricating treacle he could buy. Oh yes! the hot-stuff plugs *did* work a little better after that; though the fifty he had once been able to get dwindled weakly to forty and all the signs of smoothness vanished. But one morning he was in a hurry and, stamping upon the gas, he most beautifully "ran" three big ends, and (according to my private opinion) "did in" four perfectly good pistons. 'Cause why. If you use treacy oil you must treat it tenderly and give it a chance to get to the bearings. It has to squeeze through many narrow passages, and when it is cold and unenthusiastic it just won't do it. Also it is a commonplace that an engine which has failed because it has been brutally abused will never be the same again. I confess that I took rather a pleasure in introducing that fact to Midas Senior, whose only connection with the business is that he has now got to fork out pretty heavily and look as pleasant as he can. But, being Midas, he finds this difficult. Of course, I am tremendously sorry for them, as indeed I am for all who have got about ten

(Continued on p. xviii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



"The Colonel uncomplainingly installed"

FOR the tenth time that night Captain Ryan slowed down and hooted furiously at a bullock cart that, after the manner of bullock carts throughout India, was proceeding at a steady two miles an hour in the exact centre of the dusty, palm-fringed road. The driver, fast asleep on his load of cotton, came slowly to life and pulled his bullocks across to the wrong side, and Ryan cursed under his breath as he scraped past. Every bullock cart in Central India seemed to be on the fourteen-mile stretch of road between Mhow and Indore, and in addition he'd had two punctures.

Colonel Finch, sitting beside him, glanced ostentatiously at his watch. They were dining in Indore, and late already. Ryan apologized.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir. But we really have had rotten luck."

The Colonel grunted, and Ryan, not liking the note, took advantage of a clear stretch of road to tread on the accelerator. Promptly from the back of the car came Mrs. Finch's sweetly-acid voice.

"Captain Ryan, would you mind not going quite so fast? We're getting terribly bumped about."

He wanted to say, "Well, why the devil don't you use your own car, instead of always cadging lifts?" But he muttered an apology, and slowed down. After all, they were nearly there.

Mrs. Ryan leant forward and touched his shoulder.

"Don't forget to wish, Jim."

"Wish?" said Mrs. Finch in her supercilious way.

So Mrs. Ryan had to explain; though the other woman was obviously not the sort to be interested in Indian legends.

"The Goodnight Tree. We're just coming to it. Whenever you pass it at night you must bow to it and say: 'Good night, Tree,' and wish."

"The natives in these parts have tremendous faith in it," said Jim Ryan over his shoulder.

The old banyan tree came in sight as he spoke, its many trunks looking like the pipes of a vast organ. The car swept into the wide shadow its branches cast on the moonlit road.

Ryan took one hand off the wheel and raised his hat. "Good night, Tree," he said politely. Colonel Finch grunted something that might have been "Good night, Tree." Mrs. Finch, with the condescending air of a grown-up at a children's party, said "Good night, Tree," and Mrs. Ryan, the one true believer, bowed her curly head. "Good night, Tree," she whispered.

They were dining with the Marshalls, and soon Ryan swung off the road at the entrance to the bungalow.

He was hungry and he was in a hurry; perhaps the accident was his fault. Too late, he saw the gate had swung half shut. He swerved and jammed on the foot-brake, but it failed to act. There was a crash as

Good Night, Tree!

By MANNING CAMPBELL

his left wheel caught the gate-post, and the wind-screen splintered with the shock. The car cannoned off the post and charged erratically down the drive. Ryan only found the hand-brake in time to bring them to a halt accurately under the porch. Horrified, he turned to inspect the damage.

He himself was unhurt, but blood was pouring down the Colonel's face. The women were shaken but not injured. His wife said, "Jim, are you hurt?" and flung her arms round his neck. Mrs. Finch gathered herself together and got out of the car with dignity.

"Thank you so much," she said biting, and swept into the bungalow without a glance at her husband.

Colonel Finch, considering he had got a nasty cut from a splinter of glass, took it rather well.

"That's all right," he said. "Couldn't be helped. Marshall ought to prop the damned gate open when he has a dinner party."

He went off with their concerned host to have his head bound up, and later, over cocktails, he saw the bright side of the accident.

"Well, anyway, I've got out of going on to this dance at the club. Can't go looking like this."

He glanced triumphantly at his wife, and everybody grinned. The Colonel's dislike of the dances he was dragged to was a station joke.

"Awfully good of you not to curse me, sir," Ryan said. "Afraid I was going too fast. But really, you know, I think Betty's tree was to blame. My wish was that I should reach Marshall's door without another stop. It took me too literally."

Colonel Finch laughed.

"If it comes to that, I wished I weren't going on to the dance."

Ryan turned to his wife.

"Your old tree's in form to-night. I hope you didn't wish anything dangerous."

To her dismay Betty felt herself blushing. But—and this was much more surprising—Mrs. Finch was blushing too. No one had ever seen that seasoned lady do it before, and the phenomenon created an awkward pause.

Mrs. Marshall said rather hastily: "Shall we go in to dinner?"

The party reached the club rather late, having left the Colonel uncomplainingly installed in a long chair, with a decanter at his elbow. The first dance was over, and couples

(Continued on p. xxxiv)



"He's been confiding his troubles"



The whisky you drink . . . Is
it passable, or is it perfect? Is
it—just whisky? It should be

Haig

WHISKY

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Endowed with unique flattering powers are these Artemis fur accessories. The provocative bow is an important feature of the one expressed in marmot, while the one of squirrel is worked in points. (See p. ii)

Short Evening Wrap.

QUITE the most fascinating of all evening wraps are those brief affairs which leave the greater part of the skirt uncovered, showing their graceful lines and folds. Sometimes these wraps have sleeves like the jackets of other days and slope downwards at the back; they are lovely in black velvet with ermine collars. Again, there is the sleeveless accessory, which likewise barely covers the hips and is accompanied with a much shorter cape with scalloped hem. Instead of fur collars some have rather high turn-over collars with inverted pleats. Quite a new note is struck by the gathered collars, which on either side merge into a tailored rever. All these wraps must match or possess a lining that forms a connecting link with the dress they partner; for instance, when the coat is black and the dress white, the former must be lined with white and enriched with fur to match. Margaret Barry, 64, Bond Street, W., is ever so enthusiastic about these wraps; she lays emphasis on the fact that they must define the figure, and the art of wearing them correctly must be studied.

It is a Necessity.

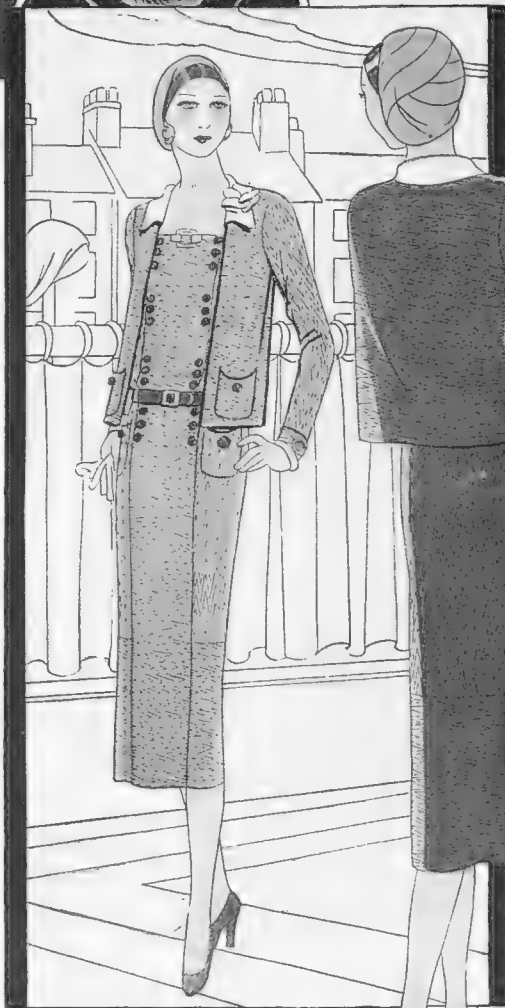
FURTHERMORE, Margaret Barry declares that no one must overlook the ever-increasing importance of the little frock with which many fondly imagine the tailor has nothing to do; indeed it is his art—often well-nigh invisibly expressed—on which its success depends; frocks like this may be worn from ten till six. The sketch on this page is an example of just what I mean. It is of the coat-frock genre accompanied with a sleeveless bolero; it is slightly shaped to the figure and sinks in at the waist; piqué is introduced at the wrists and neck-line. And the fabricating medium is one of those new things that is neither

jersey nor tweed. It seems almost unnecessary to add that there is a bag and béret en suite. A very special material is here used for travelling coats; it is soft, light, and warm, and at the same time repels dust; coats fashioned of it never look smarter than when collared with Persian lamb. And the early autumn in Scotland and elsewhere is already being considered in these salons; something new for the long coat has been discovered; it is an excellent "wind-breaker"; it is sure to prove one of the most formidable rivals that leather has ever encountered.

Mousseline Apprête.

NO one can fail to worship at the shrine of a new material known by the name of mousseline apprête which the White House, 51, New Bond Street, W., are using for their frocks for Ascot and similar functions; it bears a slight resemblance to silk organdi; it is softer, and the shades—well they are exquisite. As is usual with everything that comes from this establishment, they are endowed with individual touches which place them on a plane apart. A feature is likewise made of white crêpe de chine and crêpe chemisier tennis frocks, and there are simple little frocks in other fabrics for 79s. 6d. To this firm must be given the credit of the pyjamas illustrated on this page. There is the model of the over-all persuasion; it is carried out in pink linen, the blouse being of a pale beige shade trimmed with pink. This model is worthy of careful study, as it is an admirable exponent of the charm of simple nevertheless intricate detail.

(Continued on p. ii)



Here are two views of the newest phase of the coat-frock, which is partnered with a sleeveless bolero. White piqué is present at the neck and wrists. At Margaret Barry's, 64, New Bond Street, W.



A study in contrasts are these pyjamas from the White House, 51, New Bond Street, W. The one of the over-all persuasion is of two shades of linen. The trousers and bolero of the other are of blue, and the blouse and hat of white crêpe de chine

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end)

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2, Place Louise, Brussels
Hague and Cologne

Switzerland, Dublin

Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Of it one may become the possessor for 5½ guineas. It is ideal for house, garden, and country wear. The other model is of crêpe de chine; naturally this pyjama ensemble, for so it must be called, is available in several colour schemes.

Swimmers and their Accessories.

The swimmer of wool in the gayest of colours will brook no rivals, a fact that was forcibly brought home to all who were present at Selfridge's (Oxford Street, W.) parade of modes for the modish *plages*, but the accessories, they were totally different. There was a sunshade that would remain open at three different angles; there was a special enamel for the adornment of the toe-nails; there were wondrous sun hats, they were quite as large as the sun-shades that are ever associated with the name of the Empress Eugénie; there were hats, bags, and sunshades to match. Furthermore there was wonderful rubber headgear, some like the school-boy's mortar-board, others resembling the fashionable turban, and the rubber, well, it was patterned to resemble moiré and piqué. Standing out with prominence among the bathing-wraps was one made of handkerchiefs; they were exact replicas of those used more than a hundred years ago.

The Mexican Influence.

The Mexican influence was very pronounced in some of the sun suits, but in all instances the trousers were wide; indeed, more often than not they suggested skirts. One sun suit was composed of merely a brassière and shorts; if liked, a wrapper could be worn over it. Another suit was carried out in something that bore a strong resemblance to the oil silk used for sou'westers; if desired the lower portion of the trousers could be detached from the trunks when the swimmer was ready for the sea. All interested in the subject and would like to know about prices, will find full details in the illustrated brochure sent on application.

The Appeal of Beautiful Lingerie.

There is not the least shadow of doubt whatsoever that nothing makes a greater appeal to women than lingerie. M. Bayard has arrived in London from Paris, and is showing in his artistic salons, 10, The Quadrant Arcade, 80 and 82, Regent Street, his summer collection of lingerie. So exquisite is it that it seems impossible that it could ever have been made by human fingers. A lovely night-dress took 1,500 hours to create; a toll was levied on drawn thread-work, point turque, and lace for its adornment. There were other perfectly simple affairs entirely made by hand for 3 guineas. The lingerie of many a royal trousseau has been supplied by the House of Bayard. There are many variations on the camiknicker theme.

Just What "Artemis" Means.

The notable dressmakers on both sides of the Channel sign their creations, therefore Artemis are signing their furs.

So certain are they of the excellence of their productions that they guarantee to replace any fur bearing their name should it show a defect other than legitimate wear within six months after purchase. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining furs thus signed, application must be made to 10, Goswell Road, when the name of the nearest agent will be forwarded. It seems almost unnecessary to

add that the latest whims of fashion are mirrored in their veritable triumphs of the furrier's art. To-day this firm is making a feature of supple little fur scarves: they are looped in soft provocative bows, or one end is simply passed through a slot; there is a certain gadget for keeping it in position. These accessories are available in squirrel, beige, ermine, mole, mink, and other short-haired pelts. Illustrated on p. 480 is a marmot tie finished with a bow, while the squirrel tie is cleverly worked in points. By the way, there is a splendid assortment of fur coats, wraps, and accessories that bear the name of Artemis.

Zaramacs for Smartness.

Parisiennes are the most thoughtful people in the world where Fashion is concerned, therefore it is a matter for no surprise that they are going nap on Zaramacs for the Grand Prix; the birthplace of these perfect waterproofs—to use an old-fashioned word—is London, and although they are sold practically everywhere, it may be as well to mention that their G.H.Q. is Zambrene, 3b, Cannon Street, E.C., as it is of this family they are members; the name and address of the nearest agent will be sent on application. The Zaramac pictured on this page is carried out in rubber-proofed crêpe de chine, and is available in one or two colours. The cape is adjustable, and may in the fraction of a second be converted into a collar with revers. It is ideal for Ascot should rain be our portion. Standing out with prominence is a white Zaramac; the deep hem is black surmounted with a Greek key pattern; this idea is repeated on the sleeves and on one end of the scarf collar. Ever so simple but very charming are the white coats enriched with gay colours, including vermilion, emerald, orange, and sapphire. For what is sometimes termed everlasting wear there are the cotton gabardine Zambrenes; they are lined.

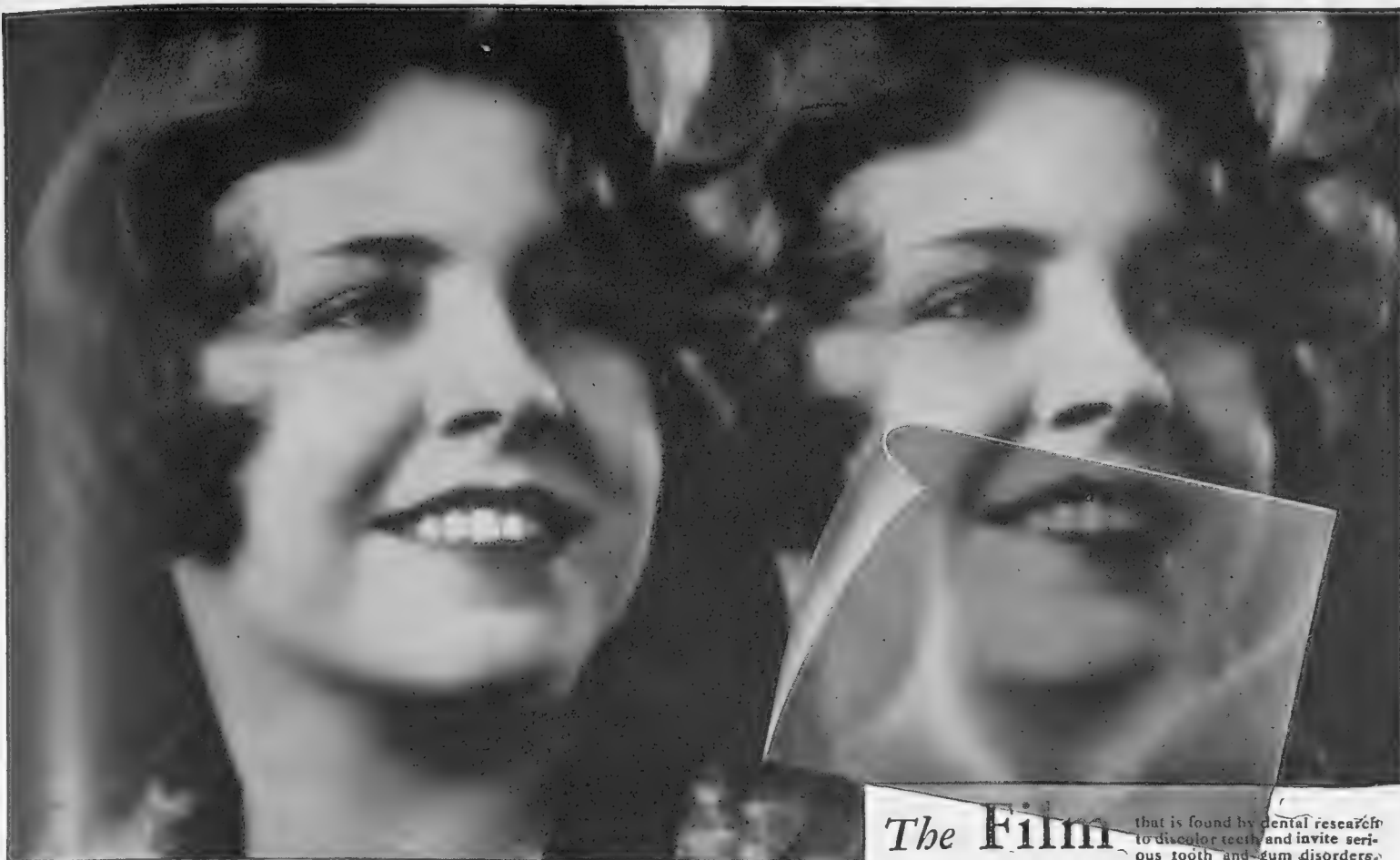
The Care of the Hands.

Sportswomen during the day are inclined to neglect their hands, and gloves are anathema in their eyes. They will therefore give a warm welcome to Velmara, a new beauty lotion, as its action is prompt and effective. It removes roughness and makes the skin soft and white. A few drops should be placed on a piece of cotton wool and then rubbed into the hands after they have been washed. It is a non-greasy scientific combination of essences supplemented by a fragrant distillation of the water of roses. It must not for a moment be imagined that its good work is only confined to the hands, as it has a very beneficial effect on the complexion. In the first place it is an ideal base for powder. Again it persuades the pores to relinquish any dust and dirt that they may have accumulated. Furthermore it removes puffiness under the eyes, and insists that elasticity shall return to relaxed muscles. It is one of those preparations that, like good wine, requires no bush. It is sold practically everywhere in 3s. 6d. bottles. It is an excellent investment as it is very economical to use.



A FASHIONABLE ZARAMAC

Carried out in rubber-proofed crêpe de chine. The cape is adjustable, and in a fraction of a second can be converted into a high collar with revers



The Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and invite serious tooth and gum disorders.

Remove Film daily to get teeth clean and white

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are covered by a dingy, clinging coating called film.

Run your tongue across your teeth. If you feel a slippery, viscous coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth. The greatest enemy of teeth and gums; a potential source, according to the world's dental authorities, of many tooth and gum troubles.

Film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film successfully.

Acts in a different way

To reach and remove this film, dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent. First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing

easily removes it—safely, gently. No pumice or harmful grit.

It also acts to make tender gums firm. It keeps the mouth clean by multiplying the flow and alkalinity of the saliva.

You can tell Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth; you can see the difference in results.

Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection for teeth and gums.

Test Pepsodent for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Get a tube of Pepsodent TO-DAY!

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The Film-Removing Tooth Paste

FREE — 10-DAY TUBE ⁴⁰⁰⁹

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 129)
India House, 8, India Street, London, E.C.3.
Please send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent.

Name.....

Address.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

TATLER, 4/6/30

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

PLAY-
-TIME

These delightful fashions for children come from Rowe's, 106, New Bond Street, W. They are perfectly simple and are carried out in cotton fabrics. The frocks of the children in the large picture are muslin and lawn. This fabric makes two of the dresses below; piqué is used for the one on the left, while dimity and coloured linen share honours in the one on the right. The toys come from Hamleys', Regent Street; there is the gardening cart with water tank; it is fitted with tools, basket, and watering-can. Very useful to the small gardener are the rake, roller, birch, and mowing machine. Again there is a donkey on wheels and a rubber parrot and cockerel.



Pictures by Blake

ASPREY*estd 1781.*

Bond St. London

ermeto

MOVADO

THREE YEARS' TEST prove the remarkable timekeeping properties of this wonderful watch.

Within this period, we have sold great quantities of these watches, and the absence of trouble enables us to recommend them with perfect confidence.

The strong outer cases of the ERMETO ensure double protection against shocks, dust, damp, variations of temperature and glass breakage.

IDEAL FOR
SPORTS
WEAR

**'MASTER' MODEL***Actual Size (Partly open)*

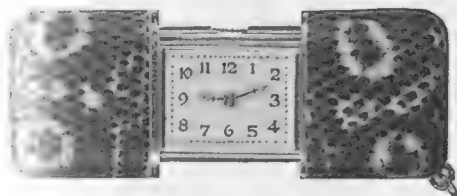
Ordinary Winding

Untarnishable metal - - - -	5.12.6
Covered Morocco, Pigskin, Lizard or Crocodile - - - -	5.17.6
Covered Shagreen or Lacquer -	6.15.0

**'NORMAL' MODEL***Actual Size*

Standard Self-Winding

Polished Silver - - - -	9.12.6	12. 5.0
Engine turned Silver or covered Pigskin or Morocco -	10. 5.0	12.17.6
Covered Lizard or Crocodile -	10.12.0	13. 5.0
Unbreakable Lacquer or Shagreen	11.11.0	13.17.6
In solid Gold throughout from -	26.0.0	29.10.0

**'BABY' MODEL***Actual Size*

Self-Winding

Engine turned Silver or covered Pigskin, Morocco, Lizard or Crocodile - -	17.17.0
Covered Shagreen or Lac- quer - - - -	18.18.0
Solid Gold, Engine turned	30 0.0



Ermeto Pochette size $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, fitted with Ermeto watch outside.

Crocodile pochette, with silver-gilt self-winding watch, covered Crocodile - - - - 22.10.0

Lizard skin pochette and watch - - - - 24.10.0

Illustration shows watch open. When closed it completely fits into a recess.

All models supplied with or without ring for chain.
The automatic winding mechanism is infallible. Use the watch and it winds itself—it cannot be overwound.

**Write
for
Catalogue**



Illustration shows how watch can be used on a lanyard.

By this method the watch is opened and closed by one hand, and at the same time winds itself up.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued


THE BEACH



Really smart bathing suits are never elaborate, although the colour schemes may be of the gayest. Two-fold yarn make those above, which may be seen at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W. An important feature of the one on the left is the cross-over braces; the one on the right consists of two pieces—a swimmer and a coatee; the bathing wrap worn by the figure in the centre is of towelling. Ultra-smart is the bathing cap with bird in front; it is entirely made of rubber. There is great rivalry between the rubber sandals and the shoes with instep and heels

BLAKE

Pictures by Blake



2837. Expanding Bracelet, Platinum and Gold mount.
Set with Rubies and Diamonds ... £42 0 0
" " Emeralds and Diamonds ... 50 0 0

2991.
Diamonds and Platinum.
£65 0 0

3053. Sapphires and Diamonds.
£32 0 0 per pair.

2975. Diamonds, all Platinum mount. ... £145 0 0

3126. Sealyham. Fine Diamonds, all Platinum.
£50 0 0

3164. Diamonds, Sapphires, Platinum.
£125 0 0

3203. The new Pendant Snap for Pearl Necklaces. Diamonds and Platinum. £150 0 0



3189. Emerald and Diamonds.
£40 0 0

3190. Diamonds.
£35 0 0

3198. Diamonds.
£50 0 0

3191. Sapphires and Diamonds.
£52 10 0

3195. Emerald and Diamonds.
£30 0 0

3197. Diamonds.
£35 0 0

3193. Five Diamonds
£50 0 0

These Rings are mounted in Pure Platinum and 18 ct. Gold.

The illustrations represent their actual size.



3262. Diamonds and Platinum.
£100 0 0

3236. Diamonds and Platinum.
£67 10 0

3237. Diamonds and Platinum.
£84 0 0

Requests for further illustrations of Jewellery and Gem-set Watches, etc. are cordially invited.



MAPPIN & WEBB^{LD}

London

156-162, OXFORD ST., W.1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4. 172, REGENT ST., W.1.

PARIS. ROME. MONTREAL.

BUENOS AIRES. RIO DE JANEIRO ETC.

Pictures in the Fire—continued

has to be because it is only 1 mile 125 yards round, he is likely to be suited by Epsom. This is nonsense. No two courses are as dissimilar as Chester and Epsom. Chester is as flat as the top of one of its own cheeses; Epsom all Downs and Ups, or more properly speaking, a bit of Up and Down, and it is not all corners, in fact nearly a mile of the Derby 1½-mile is straight, or as near as makes no matter. Other things quite apart, I think we may be wise if we leave Writ alone, because I am sure that he does not put it all in. At Epsom the first half mile is practically dead straight and all against the collar; then there is a very gradual left-handed bend on the level for about a furlong; at the 6-furlong post the course begins to go down hill, and this continues to Tattenham Corner, roughly half-a-mile from home; the turn into the straight, even improved as it now is, is not an easy one, and has been the scene of many a disaster to horses which have got unbalanced coming down the hill which, looked at from Tattenham Corner, looks quite steep. I do not know the exact gradients, but it gives you that impression, and from this fact has sprung the old saying: that "the horse which strides farthest down the hill wins the Derby"; from Tattenham Corner till about half-way up the straight there is an appreciable dip in the land, which is lower on the rails' side than on the outside, and from the distance-post in there is a slight rise. This is not like Chester. The Epsom course may not be our ideal, but it is a real good test for both a horse and a jockey, and it takes a bit of thinking out. Blow him by going the wrong pace up the first hill and you may have him a bit short of puff when he has to go down the hill; go too slow in the first half mile and you may lose a priceless chance of a position which may serve you at The Corner. It is in my opinion a first-class test for a judge of pace and of no use at



IL DUCE HANDING IT OUT TO 'EM

Italy's fighting Premier during his recent tour when he delivered several harangues of the "come the three corners of the world in arms" nature. Signor Mussolini said arms were better than words!

all to the jockey who lacks that knowledge. It is also a big strain on the nerve of the coachman, for The Corner needs as big a spice of it as Aintree, and a fall on the flat is ten times worse than a fall over a fence. I have tried both, the second very many times. Holocauste fell because, as I thought, he was on the wrong leg coming down the hill; they say Kopi fell last year because it was greasy. Others have been in trouble at this spot for various other reasons. It is most people's opinion that one that is at all on the leg is not suitable. Holocauste certainly had too much daylight below him; Kopi, a beautifully - shaped and balanced colt, had not; Captain Cuttle, a big 'un, some people said had, yet he won; Fairway, a leggy three - year - old; was beaten before the start, so it did not matter much how the Hill influenced his chance. Personally I never liked him, purely on his make and shape. He won at Doncaster, where there are no hills and hollows to speak of. Taking the prominent characters in to-day's race (June 4) purely on their conformations, I should place Rustom Pasha, the Aga's colt, top, quite apart from the line through Paradine in the Nonsuch Stakes (last 1 mile 110 yards of the Derby course), giving him the *pas* over Diolite. Diolite I think next. He is only a pony, light as they are made, but perfect action, perfect balance. Blenheim is just as much of a pony as Diolite, a nice little colt but very little—I should say he was nearly a hand smaller than his stable companion Rustom Pasha. Ballyferris is as narrow as a knife, very up in the air, but all quality, and I do not think we ought to be in too great a hurry to think that he is not better than perhaps he looks. I think he might be more likely to win the Leger. I think I will leave "Mr. Guardrail" to find you a 100 to 1 outsider. It may be The Scout II, but he had no Rustom Pasha, or Diolite, behind him in the Newmarket Stakes.

Four



A matter for thought . . . not one to be taken lightly. A sip at a time's the thing. Aroma . . . exquisite! Flavour . . . inimitable. Bols, eh? . . . might have known it.

Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crème de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.

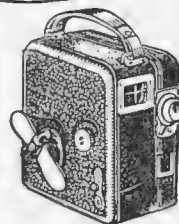
BOLS
LIQUEURS
& V.O. GENEVA

Wholesale Agents:
BROWN, GORE AND WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE
CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

GET LIFE

INTO YOUR PICTURES THIS YEAR WITH

PATHÉSCOPE MOTOCAMERA



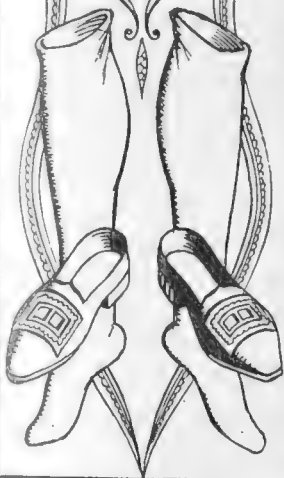
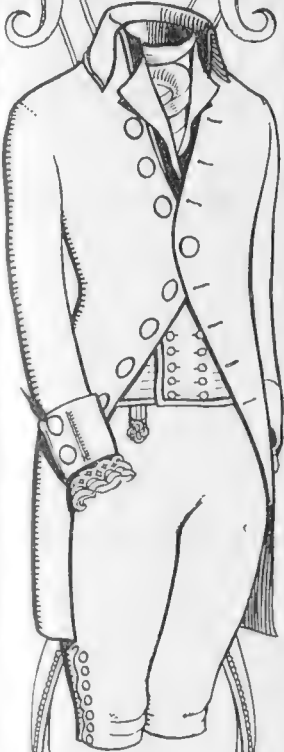
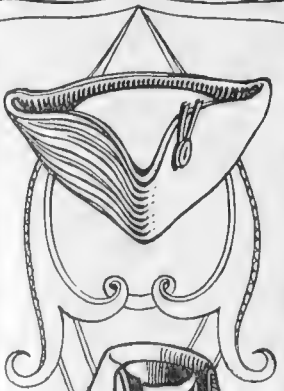
It costs only
10 GUINEAS
or 9 monthly payments of 24/6. Entirely automatic. Anyone can work it. Loads in daylight. 1,000 pictures for 4/7, including film and developing. Your present camera as part exchange.

You can almost hear the laughter! Rippling smiles and rippling waves, dancing figures, dancing shadows. Sunlight—movement! The motocamera has saved them all. Isn't it worth it—to get the kiddies as they are now? Those same jolly incidents can never happen quite like that again. Ten—twenty years hence, that tiny film of a thousand pictures will be worth many times the 4/7 you paid for it.

Demonstrations free or write for lists.

WALLACE HEATON LTD.
119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
And at 47, BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
Also at City Sale & Exchange (1929), Ltd., 52, Cheapside;
90, 94, Fleet Street; 54, Lime Street; 81, Aldersgate Street.

ESTABLISHED
1785



Gieves

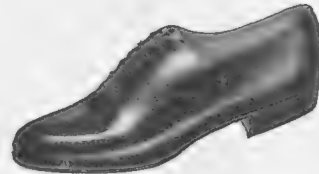
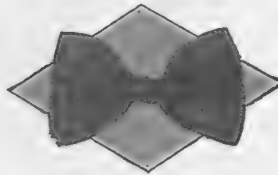
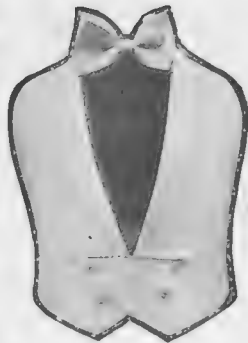
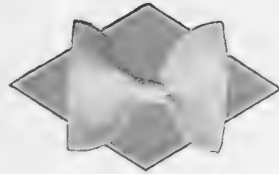
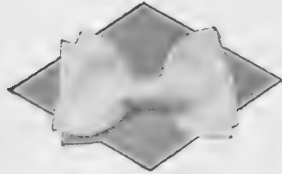


By Appointment.

Gieves
LIMITED



By Appointment.



1930

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Portsmouth
Southampton
Edinburgh
Liverpool
Gibraltar

TAILORS .. HATTERS .. HOSIERS

21 Old Bond Street,
31 Burlington Arcade,
LONDON, W.1.

Plymouth
Weymouth
Southsea
Chatham
Malta

FEVER—continued

for her company after the ceremony, only one succeeded in gaining her, that one was a panther which came like a flash of flame from out the shadows.

"It put terror into the crowd. It tore away bulging eyes, it ripped overladen stomachs; it mauled and struck and bit; finally the beast seized the lovely dancing girl by her throat and carried her away.

"People say there is a trail of red lilies still to be followed from the Madura side to the lantana there below us near the ruins. Those lilies marked the path by which the panther brought Yentilidu back to her home—the jungles.

"Yentilidu was not killed by the panther—she lives guarded by that faithful beast. That is the answer, Stredwick, to your question."

"Oh, yes, and you believe in her, Parne?"

"If I had the strength I'd knock you down for asking that," Parne mumbled weakly.

"I appreciate that it would not be difficult to believe in her if one lived here for long," said Stredwick hurriedly. "Especially when her voice can be heard as it can be to-night."

"Thank God you admit you hear her," whispered the other man. "I want a drink," he added. "A double and neat."

His friend turned from the rail and poured out the drinks. In silence the two men drank.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE FOR THE TALKIES

It seems very appropriate that one of Mr. Cyril Maude's first talkie films at Hollywood should be to recreate that great old detective, "Grumpy," which was such a big success in London in 1914, and won honours before that in other parts of the Empire. It is not the great actor's first excursion into film-land

Parne sighed.

"I believe Yentilidu is coming very near to-night—listen, Yentilidu loved by all, for all to love and for none to see. Her hands are cool; she only kisses the —"

"Have another drink," put in Stredwick sharply.

"Yes, I will—for none to see," whispered the sick man from where he lay listlessly in the long chair.

"And called Yentilidu," added his companion.

"Yes," breathed Parne, "and she only kisses the foreheads of the —" He sighed without completing the sentence.

"Yentilidu," he whispered a few minutes later, and then Stredwick looked, shivered, and poured out another drink—for himself.

An amusing little brochure on food and how to eat it, apropos principally of the Lucullus Restaurant and some others of Messrs. Lyons' famous establishments, has just been published under the title of "The Dinner of Hope." The author is Mr. Beverley Nichols, and he approaches his subject from a new and intriguing angle and endeavours to prove that there is something more than a metaphorical association between a good dinner and a good life. *Hors d'œuvres*, for instance, are suggested as being strangely like childhood—so many dramas in miniature—and so onward through the whole menu.

As you walk through life—



—your feet may
be threatened at the
danger point

Each step you take throws your weight upon the arch of one foot—the danger point at which the continual strain must tell!

Here are shoes which have strong invisible supports under the arches—they preserve your feet in their natural youthful vigour.

The Style illustrated is in Brown Willow Calf trimmed with real Lizard. PRICE 45/- PER PAIR
(Prices do not apply to Irish Free State).

CHURCH'S
**ARCH-MOULDED
SHOES**

Support your feet at the danger point!

Obtainable from leading shoe stores.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE, CHURCH & CO., LTD., NORTHAMPTON

CHARMING SPOTS IN THE WEST COUNTRY



Chiselborough, near Yeovil

A quaint corner amid the pastures of the West Country where stands the home of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, a cheese you can enjoy with safety on all occasions, whose delicious mild cheddar flavour is so enticing and which is so good for you because it contains the health-giving phosphates and lactic cultures. It is the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress.

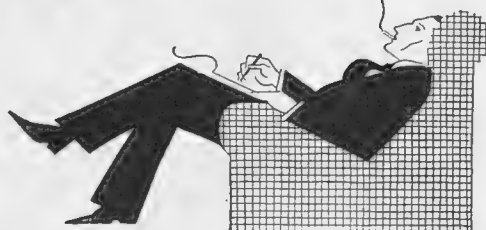
AIDS DIGESTION

Fresh up from Somerset every morning.
Prices 2d. and 8½d.

St. IVEL
LACTIC CHEESE

APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD., YEovil, SOMERSET.
Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.

'GREYS' EULOGY



[Written in a London clubroom]

STANZA VI

Can frenzied plunge or agitated 'bust'

Back to the gambler call his fleeting cash?

Yet faithful 'Greys,' free from provoking dust,

Will greatly soothe him in the final crash.



'GREYS'

FINE CIGARETTES

Made from pedigree leaf

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/- Extra large size 20 for 1/5

Weddings and Engagements



MISS GRACE GLADDY

Navana

Whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. C. T. Brown, a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange



MISS KATHLEEN GILLESPIE

Hay Wrightson

Who is to marry Lieut.-Commander John Rochfort D'Oyly, R.N., the second son of Sir Hastings D'Oyly, Bart., is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Gillespie of Halgolle, Yatiyantota, Ceylon

subsequently the bride and bridegroom left for Scotland. Their future address will be Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, W. 1.

Recently Engaged.

Captain Herbert Alexander Macpherson, the East Yorkshire Regiment, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Macpherson of Headingley Hall, Leeds, and Miss Lilian Peggy



MISS HELEN WHITNEY

Bassano

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, who married Mr. J. F. St. George Law on June 11 at St. John's, Groombridge

Summer Weddings.

On July 19 Mr. I. H. R. Wilson, Royal Engineers, is marrying Miss Philippa Galfreda Le Gros, and the marriage will take place at the Church of Holy Trinity, Sloane Square; Mr. John Screiber and Miss Maureen Dent have fixed June 26 for their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and on July 4 there is the marriage between Captain E. King King and Miss M. U. Heygate, which takes place at St. Mary's, Humber.

A Recent Wedding.

The marriage took place on May 16, at the Chapel of the Savoy, Savoy Hill, London, between Mr. Arthur Christy Mower and Mrs. Dorothy Clare. A reception was afterwards held at Claridge's Hotel, and

Sidebotham, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sidebotham of Bishopshostel, Farnham, Surrey; Captain Malcolm Macrae Simpson, M.B.E., Royal Army Service Corps, and Miss Isobel Mary Hunt, the only daughter of the late Mr. Giles and Mrs. Hunt of Old Trees, Esher; Mr. Harold Alfred Venn Elliott, the Queen's Royal Regiment, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. C. Elliott of Wanborough House, Cranleigh, and Miss Bettine Parsons, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Parsons of Munstead Corner, Godalming; Mr. Reginald Hugh Dowler, elder son of the late Mr. Herbert George Dowler of Shanghai and Mrs. Dowler of 25, FitzGeorge Avenue, W., and Miss Gladys Parr (Peg) Heney, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Parr Heney of Orchardhead, Rosyth.

Glass
sets
for
your
dressing
table &
bathroom



This only shows you one example of our lovely decorative Bathroom and Dressing Table Sets. We have them in almost unlimited variety. No picture can give you any idea of the beautiful colour effects. Bicarbonate bottle 10/6. Lotion bottles 10/- and 7/- Cotton wool bottle 12/6. Bath salts jar 17/6 and a powder bowl 12/6

THE LATEST BEAUTY TRAVELLING CASES

We have some absolutely exclusive Beauty Cases at extraordinary low prices. Sets of bottles and powder boxes with enamel tops in crushed morocco cases — unique in design and make most charming presents. From 27/-

THE GIFT DEPARTMENT.
FORTNUM & MASON

182 PICCADILLY W1

REGENT 0040

RUNNING REPAIRS*



By all means choose your perfume to express your personality—but where will you find one equally apt to the open road and the dance floor? The great occasion demands of a girl her special 'party' perfume; but for every day the Best People use the Yardley Lavender, that best-loved of all perfumes.

LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance

by



YARDLEY

YARDLEY
8 New Bond Street
LONDON

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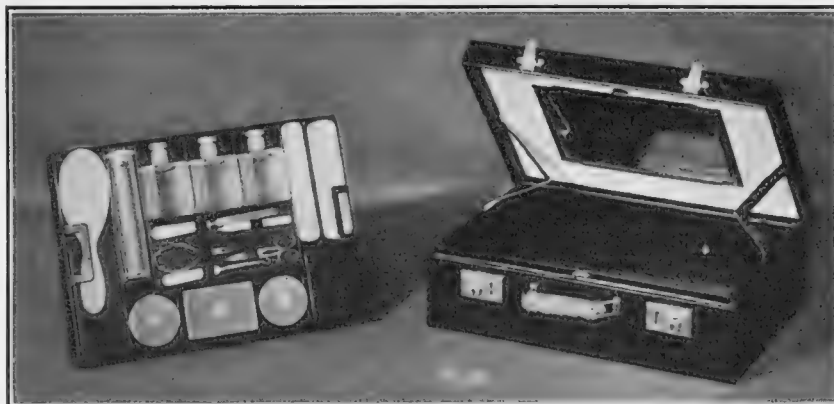
TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

You May Park Your Cars.

Cars may be parked outside Cartier's—no, not in Bond Street, but in Albemarle Street, W.—as they have added two salons to their premises with a new entrance in the latter street. As a consequence everything that the keen shopper may need is on the same floor. A Spanish monastery has been reproduced with the cloisters at the sides and two grills; there is a difference however, and that is that from the windows come a sunlight effect, no matter the state of the weather outside. Even the furniture is in harmony. Cartier extends a cordial invitation to all readers of this paper to view their salons.

Something that is Different.

It is not purposed at the moment to talk about the perfect specimens of the jeweller's art and priceless pearls that are to be seen in the Cartier salons, but rather to dwell on some of their less well-known specialities. There is a fallacy that only the wealthy can shop here; considering the high-class quality of the goods the prices are exceptionally moderate. Take the dressing-case illustrated on this page; it is £30; it measures approximately 17 by 11½ by 5½; it is made in a variety of colours and provided with an outside cover. The tray with the fittings lifts out, below which there is sufficient space for everything for the night. The fittings are of ivory and silver-gilt, and the bottles are reinforced with stoppers, which is an immense advantage. A similar case for a man is £36. Everyone likes to own a dressing-case that bears the name of Cartier. Furthermore there are cases with trays that can be lifted out and folded, thereby forming a separate bag that is complete in itself. These are ideal wedding and other gifts, and of course there are much more expensive affairs with gold and enamel fittings. A novelty is the gold piece which contains a perfect watch.



This much-to-be-desired dressing-case comes from Cartier's, Bond Street and Albemarle Street. It is covered with morocco, the fittings being of ivory and silver-gilt—and the price, well, it is thirty pounds

A Miniature Riviera Bag.

After much thought and careful consideration Cartier's have brought out a miniature Riviera bag for £30; this kind of bag is so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it. By the way, not new but of exalted merit are the small gold cases for Yale keys; they are destined to be attached to a chain or carried in a vanity bag.

Book-plates and Notepaper.

It is sometimes overlooked that Cartier's excel in book-plates and notepaper; the former are an extremely interesting study and have to be designed with the greatest care as they should represent some trait in the character of the prospective owner, or it may be that a favourite animal is reproduced. Again, an Admiral's wife will like something of a naval character, while a General's will choose a military theme. A few words must be said about the notepaper, as the very newest ideas in this respect are here to be seen.

Intensive Business Courses.

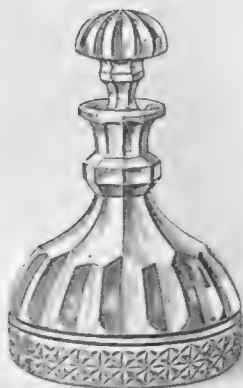
All contemplating taking an Intensive Business Course must wend their way to the establishment in Marlborough Gate, Bayswater Road. The Committee, who have sponsored the venture under the chairmanship of Lord Luke of Pavenham, have assured themselves of the excellence of the courses. Experience has shown one of the greatest difficulties that a University or public man has on entering commercial life is the readjustment of ideas and the carrying out of duties to time-table. This is perhaps a more serious handicap than lack of knowledge of business terms and business ideas. The course, however, aims at giving definite instructions, as opposed to education, in the general and, in a measure, universal routine of business. The course is built up around the keeping of accounts, the organization of the works and the office, the marketing of commodities, etc.

Bond St.

Asprey

ESTABD. 1781.

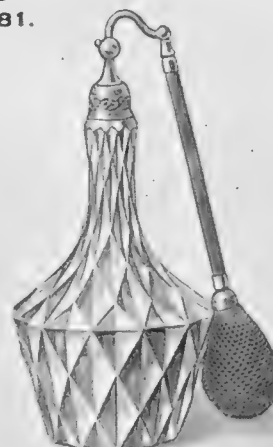
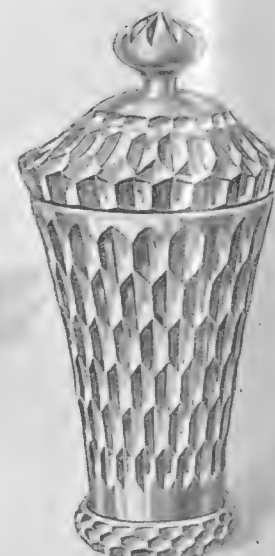
London

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DEPARTMENT.

Perfume Bottle. 3.12.6



Bath Salts or Cotton Wool Jar. 3.12.6

Cologne Spray.
3.10.0

Bath Salts Jar. 6.0.0

Bathroom Toilet Bottles,
Mahogany Stand.
10.15.0Pomade and Powder Pots,
on Mahogany Stand.
To complete Set. 4.5.0

All the articles illustrated are in English Blue Cut Glass.

Asprey's will be pleased to give sketches and prices in Crystal and other colours. Bottles can be named as desired.

WRITE for CATALOGUE.



The "Renaissance" Gallery in the extended premises of Cartier Ltd.

JEWELS AND PEARLS
GOLD AND ENAMEL
WATCHES AND CLOCKS
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HERALDRY AND
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Cartier Ltd

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LONDON, W.1

Polo Notes—continued

and two of them, Mr. S. Sanford and Colonel P. K. Wise, "near" Internationals for their respective countries. Both Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Aidan Roark have been schooled in top-class American polo in America, and both played brilliantly in the American Open Tournament last September. These are the hard facts set out purely for the information of the casual or otherwise member of the audience.

There is a very good general direction amongst seafaring persons, "Don't speak to The Man at The Wheel." And I think a rider might be added, "especially when he is doing his stuff very well indeed." In this present case our "Man at The Wheel" is, I consider, doing his job magnificently. The Press has been asked to refrain from destructive criticism, and I, for one, propose to stand by loyally to what was written in these notes at the opening of the season. Let us leave the good artist who is composing this difficult picture alone till he has had time to get it a bit more forward. Captain C. H. Tremayne is rubbing in the background most efficiently, and I do not think anyone has any right to criticize before he has had time to paint in the middle distance and indicate the foreground. There will be plenty of time when that has been done to say whether it is out of drawing or that the artist has got the perspective all wrong. Like a good huntsman when his hounds get their heads up, he has first made the head good; then he tries a short cast into the wind, and follows it by a long one down—and I think most of us believe that he has been rewarded by touching the line of his hunted fox again. But there is nothing so hampering to a huntsman's effort as a lot of people pressing on his hounds at a check, or anything more calculated to cause the whole entertainment to blow up.

Captain Tremayne had the strength of character to drop three of his own original selections, one including himself, after that third match at Roehampton, in which he put Mr. H. C. Walford into his own side and swapped Captain Roark over to the "trial horse" side. I think we can leave the steering of this ship to such a first-class man at the wheel. There is only one thing really certain about the selection of an International polo team, or for the matter of that about any International team for any game you like to name, and it is this, that with whatever one man says another is bound to disagree. The Australian cricket selectors, for instance, have been much criticized by their own countrymen for leaving someone behind whom the critics think should have come. Everyone, of course, is keenly anxious in matters of this

description to see the highest possible expression of talent sent into battle; but you cannot have several men at the wheel, and there is also the classic example of the effect of a multiplicity of *chefs* and the disaster to the *consommé*.

In the course of this match on the 24th it seemed as if the Blues (International) side were going to lose the number of their mess, as Mr. Aidan Roark took what looked like a real bad fall in the fourth chukker, his pony ironing him out properly. He was naturally very shaken up, but luckily the only damage was a bruised left hand and all the wind knocked out of him. He went on and played as he had done all through, with undiminished brilliance. It might have been a few ribs quite easily, but not a dislocated shoulder, as it was rumoured at first, for it was the wrong kind of fall. It was extremely lucky that it was no worse. All the ponies seemed to me to be bucking fresh—a good thing in a way, perhaps, but not desirable in either a hunter or a polo pony in presence of the enemy. Was not a Guardsman during the war "put in the book" for a crime described, I believe, as "idling" firing in the presence of the enemy"? He loosed off without word of command! I heard something about it at the time. However all's well that ends well, and I am content to believe that all—bar the weather—is well so far. As I size things up at the moment our climate, and not America, is our most formidable foe.

The Stoke D'Abernon Polo Club, that flourishing institution at Cobham, Surrey, have just concluded their Senior Challenge Cup Tournament, and it was won by the 7th Hussars, who beat the 11th Hussars (received 1½ goals) by 7 to 4½. The following eight teams took part: 7th Hussars, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 14/20th Hussars, Bluejackets (Royal Navy), Fonthill, Ancells Farm, and Oaklawn. Some of these teams came all the way from far distant Colchester, a great testimony to their keenness, but there is a very definite attraction at Stoke D'Abernon have two very good full-sized grounds, excellent stabling, and, thanks to the excellent management of the secretary, Mr. K. Dawson, forage, and all other arrangements for the comfort and convenience of visiting teams are first class. Stoke D'Abernon is far from being in the back of beyond so far as London is concerned, as it is only about twenty-three minutes from Waterloo, and the polo grounds are about one minute from the station. It is good to know that such excellent facilities lie so close to us, especially as we are not blessed with an over-supply of polo grounds in London itself.



A Charming Arch-Preserver Model



Write for interesting illustrated booklet.

The tremendous gain in health and energy from wearing "Arch-Preserver" shoes entails no sacrifice in style. This attractive model (containing the "Arch-Preserver" concealed supports) is a new design in Nutra Glacé and Lizard. No. E1532, price 57/6 per pair.

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It never needs rolling, watering, or attention of any kind. Costs nothing for upkeep.

It has amazing porosity. Rain sinks in and disappears as fast as it falls.

Come and play upon this new Court at the Gazeway. Phone Kingston 3000 for a car to meet you.

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"Livelier

cars

the true solution"

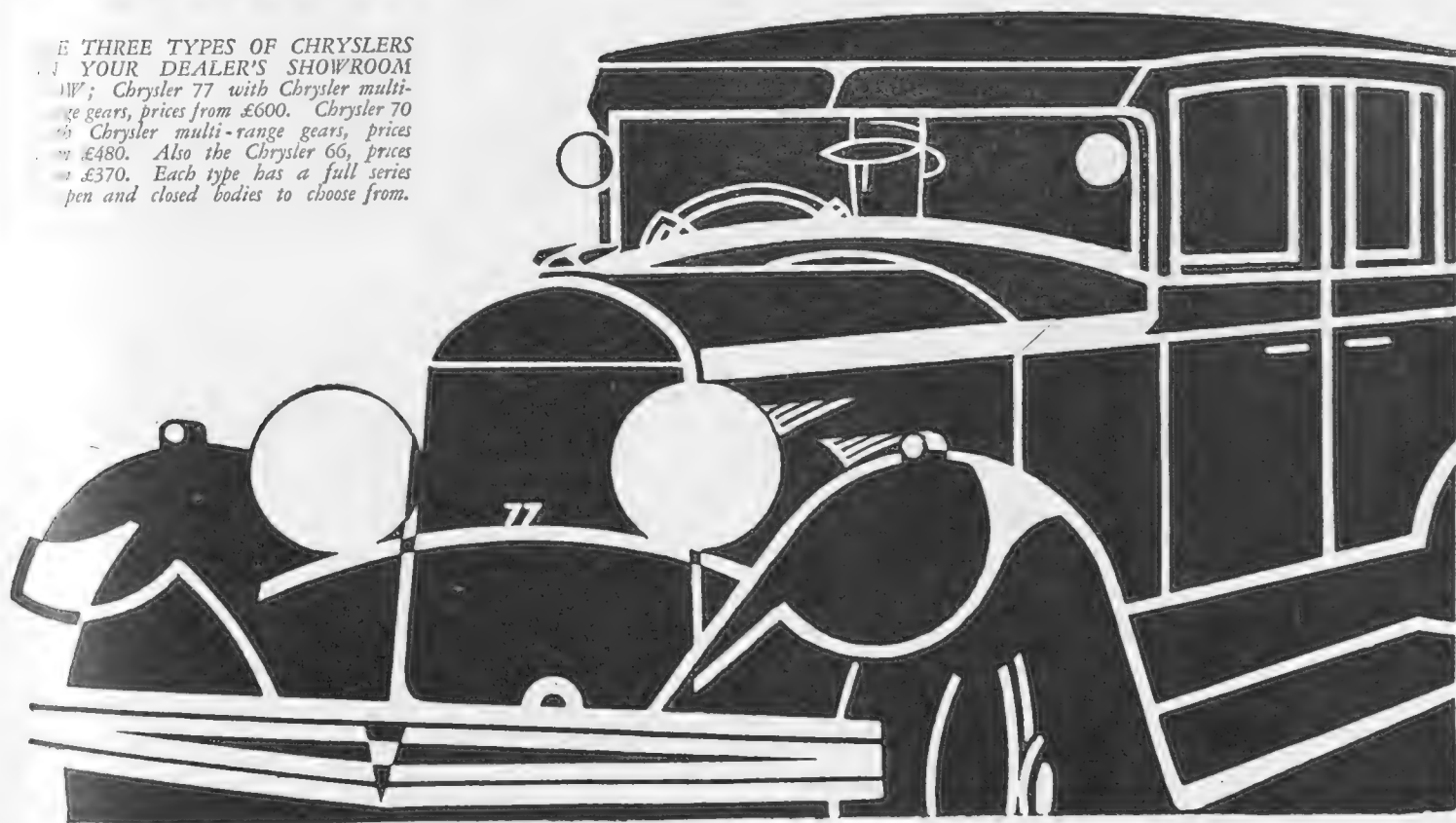
To glide at walking pace in top gear where the crowd is thickest. To change—without noise or pause or effort to the wonderful silent accelerating gear of the new Chrysler multi-range gear box—and to flash away like a meteor the moment you see the way clear ahead.

Great six cylinder engines, seven bearing crankshafts, down-draught carburettors, mechanical fuel feed—silent, eager, unfaltering power.

To check the headlong rush, instantly, inevitably, without skidding or sliding even on wet and slippery surfaces—Chrysler brakes, hydraulic, self-equalising, internal-expanding.

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IN YOUR DEALER'S SHOWROOM
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range gears, prices from £600. Chrysler 70
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of open and closed bodies to choose from.



CHRYSLER

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Suppliers of Chrysler Marine Engines.

Petrol Vapour—continued

thousand times as much money as I am ever likely to see in my life, even supposing I burgled Barclay's Bank (who look after my overdraft so honestly), but I do take rather a malicious delight in reminding these mutts that they were warned against squandering many quids upon needless repairs. For the makers of that car of Young Midas' had sent me their manual. And I underlined their recommendations as to plugs and oil in excellent red ink, though already, to be sure, they were in strong enough type. The essential moral, out of the many I could quote, is that if you want a "hot-stuff" car, buy it already "hotted up." Unless you are an exceptionally good mechanic with exceptionally fine machine facilities you can do little towards "hotting up" on your own account. And finally, for your sons who have speed proclivities, buy second-hand cars which have speedometers reading to 120 m.p.h., a real pace of sixty at most, a noise like the Salvation Army band in Self-Denial Week . . . and insist upon them first reading "the book," and second, paying for repairs out of their pocket-money. By the way, if anybody wants a set of road-racing plugs (which are utterly useless except for a real racing engine) I know of four for which no reasonable offer would be refused. Half-a-gallon of extra thick oil *was* available, but I'm afraid that has descended into the main Berkshire Sewage System, where it is less nocuous than it would be in Young Midas' engine. But that last is all right now. It is filled with the oil specified by a brass plaque upon the sump-cap; it has its original set of plugs, and it is going so well (thank you very much) that it passed me this evening in a perfectly scandalous manner. It has always been my habit to make this recommendation, "Trust the makers of your car—they know best." But in this case I have a slight reluctance in bringing this point forward, for Old Midas lost £20,000, I think it was, in this particular concern—when it was not quite so particular—and he does not relish being reminded of that fact.

Toshery.

I should hate to feel that I was a snob, but I am genuinely glad to think that Inveresk House is not in the "Street of Adventure," which is, nowadays, as much as to say, the "Street of Opportunist Exploitation." I do not need to specify the occasion—for I expect you, dear reader, were just as ashamed of the British daily papers as I was—which is saying a good deal. If I do a big stunt, or if I do something not so big—and am consequently court-martialled—there is always the terrible liability of my being made a journalist, willy-nilly. It is hard to imagine a more effectual damper upon enterprise. When upon the strength of a circulation based upon cheating cross-word puzzles, picture-problems with an *n*th number of solutions, and an apotheosis of the pursuit of the trivial, our organs of so-called public opinion proceed to tell the Crown how it should behave, I have nothing to say. It is a waste of words to try and stop stinking vulgarity in its course. But when it allows *facts* to be misrepresented one may reasonably register an objection. The other day I saw a letter in a paper which enjoys an immense circulation, a letter from some obscure lunatic in which it was seriously suggested that coil-ignition was the cause of fires in motor-cars by reason of a vagrant spark. That letter was given great prominence, and I have not the least doubt that it caused misgivings among many people who own cars with coil-ignition. The suggestion should never have been allowed to appear, for it is utterly groundless. In the two cars which I possess, and which are fitted with coil-ignition, there is no possible point at which an unwanted spark can come in contact with petrol, for all sparks are strictly under cover. As a matter of fact the same thing applies to nearly all magneto-ignition systems. Practically all car fires are caused by the contents of tanks being spilt over red-hot exhaust pipes. Let our urgent and clamant "dailies" start a campaign in favour of the fire-proof car by all means, but they might as well begin by grasping the right end of the stick.



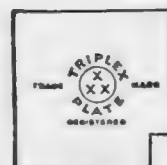
MISS VAN SWINDEREN

The daughter of the Dutch Ambassador, Jonkheer R. de Marels van Swinderen, in the costume she wore in the Episodes of the Regency Pageant at His Majesty's last week in aid of the Waifs and Strays

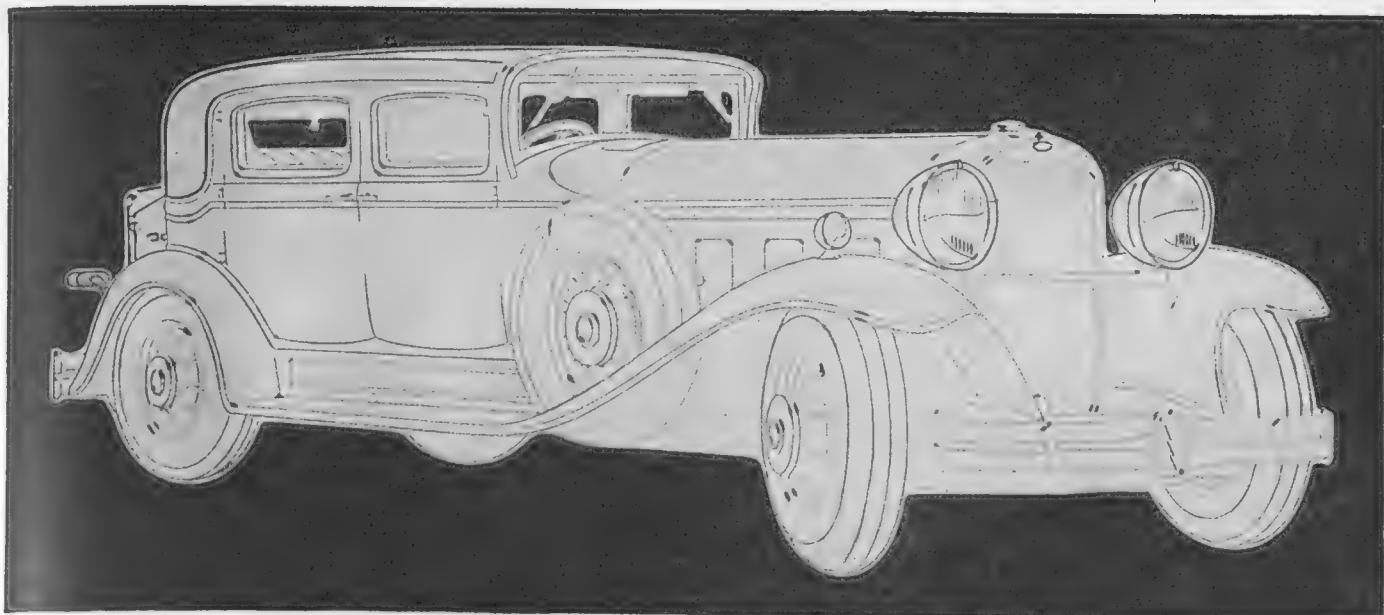
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"The Marmon is the best car I have ever driven. Her silken acceleration from 4 to 60 miles an hour is remarkable she has easily done everything my arduous duties require whilst being no more expensive to run than a six-cylinder car. She is comfortable and luxurious. In fact she looks like and behaves like a £1,000 job," writes Mr. F. G., of Wardour Street, London.

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"Double-Dome" Combustion—Equi-Pressure Cable Link Brakes—Single-Button Control—Chromium Plating—Wire Wheels—Full Equipment.

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M A R M O N

EIGHT - CYLINDER CARS

CAR CAMEOS

The Rover Meteor

Of this brand of car the model that I was privileged to try—and I set it a particularly difficult course—was the fixed-roof Weymann, which sells at £398. I may say at once that it has a performance which I have rarely associated with cars in the four-hundred-pound class, and that I should not think one whit the less of it if it were a couple of pounds more expensive.

I expect my friends of the Rover Company will be quite annoyed at my innuendo when I say that this is (so far as I am concerned) the first car they have ever produced which had real ginger in its composition. Very wisely, they have concluded that the sensible motorist does not mind paying an extra pound a quarter in licence fees in order to sit behind an engine that will do the greater part of its work on half-throttle.

Nor do I think that the Rover Meteor owner has any right to complain about full-throttle performance. Over Hartford Bridge Flats—in both directions—I hit it up to 75 m.p.h. on the speedometer, and the stopwatch, privily touched over a measured distance upon that stretch, testified that the dashboard dial had a negligible error. I daresay that upon this car, given a slight downhill run, one could get up to eighty. That is something to remember about an all-British car that comes into a price class that not too long ago we were accustomed to link with poor-performance "dribble-about."

I would say that this lusty, controllable, sweet, and entirely vibrationless Rover engine might be, at fairly full throttle openings, just the least little bit quieter. Yet if you can hear what it is telling you and can interpret the same its message is not unpleasant. The noise—if noise it can be called—is a very subtle reminder that things are "going on," and that a shade over 2½ litres has its limitations.

For my own part (and it has long been my practice to "hitch my

wagon to a star') I said that I could hear just a trifle more of the business under the bonnet than I might wish ere I had reached thirty. Therefore I must testify that at twice that speed, which is "comfortable cruising" for the Meteor, there was no more to hear. In fact I would say there was even less. To what reaction I can attribute this fact I know not, but it is the truth that at a solid "sixty" there was not even the smallest ruffle. The Rover has a "silent" thud, which I fear I must put for the moment into inverted commas so far as the epithet is concerned. But I am credibly informed that the model I tried had been an early one (to which its mileometer eloquently testified), and that those which are now being turned out are innocent of this very trifling blemish.

But even supposing it had been a self-confessed "noisy thud" I would very cheerfully have forgiven it. For this is one of those centrally-situated gear-levers which allow the driver to get out upon the near side without wiping the soles of his shoes upon the dashboard instruments. Most central controls annoy me, however good the car may otherwise be. I find that in the Rover Meteor these amenities are so arranged that it is impossible to take exception to them.

Now then as to springing. Let people yap as they will about performance, acceleration, and so forth, I will still say that upon a representative run my admiration for what the engine of a car can do is

always running the risk of being stultified by failings in the springing system. Upon a great main road that leads to the glorious West there is a level-crossing as wicked in its bumps as it is scandalous in its time-absorption. Over this thing I took the Rover Meteor twice, the first time at twenty-five (upon which I said, "By gosh, that is good") and the second time at fifty-two (upon which, much to the surprise of the man who, sitting beside me, had failed to realize that important conversations must rise superior to a hiatus of two hours, I remarked, "That is better still"). The Race People are wise in their generation for and in that they have realized how important it is that a car should, by its externals, present itself well. If the car is fast and lively it is surely right that it should look it.

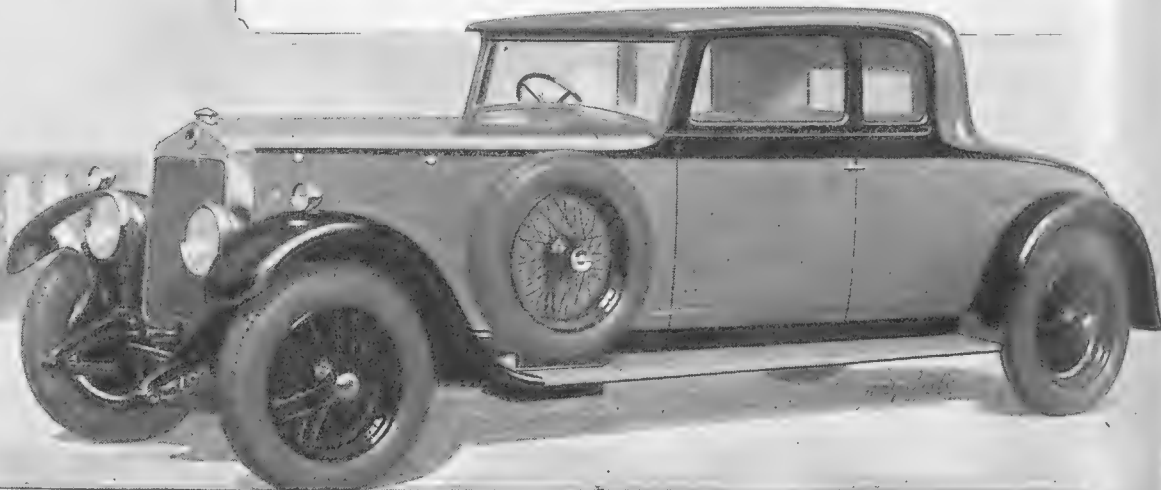


THE ROVER METEOR BRAUNSTON SALOON

Lanchester The Best of the Straight Eights

Capt. Malcolm Campbell in "The Field," 29th March, 1930:

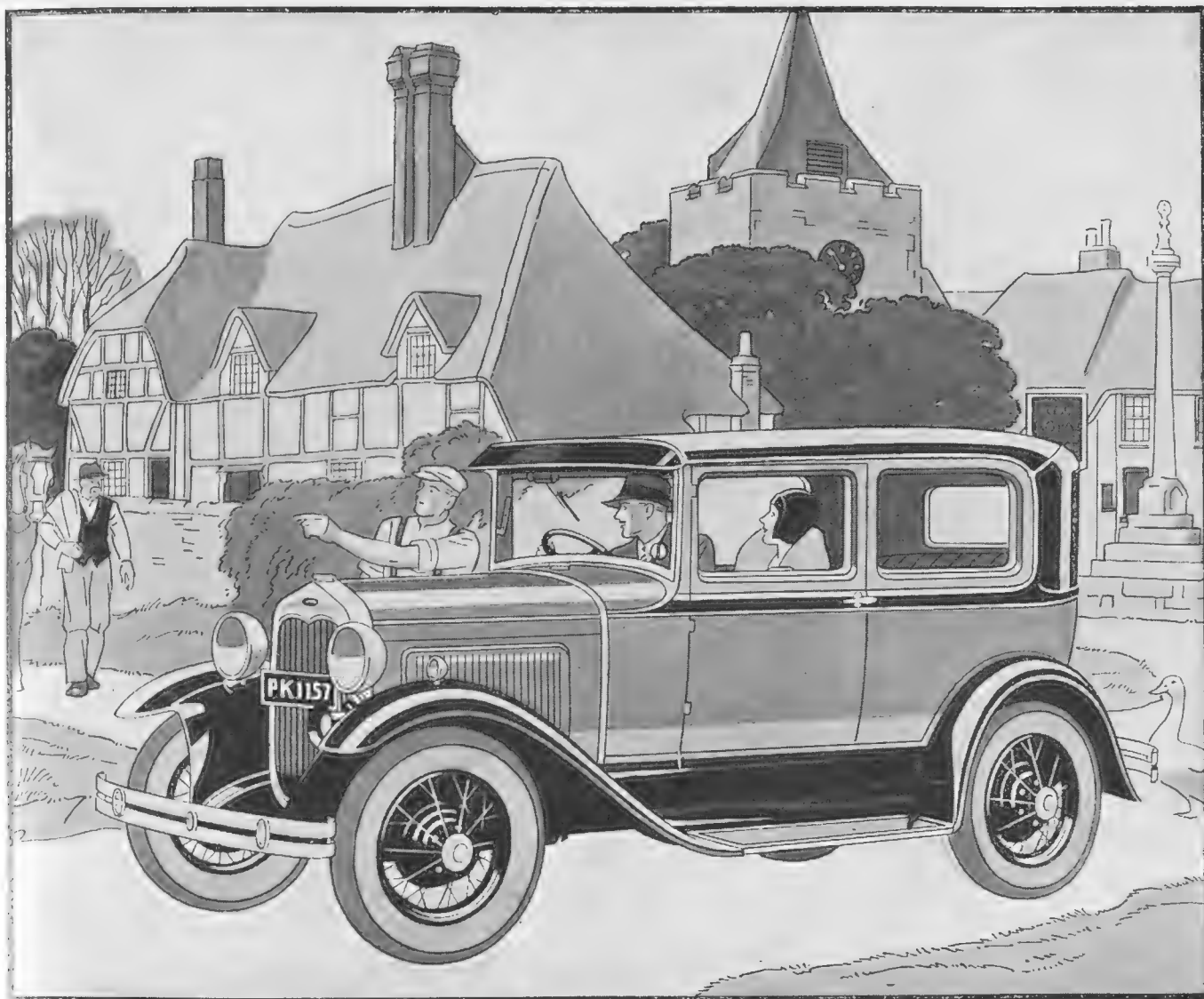
Briefly, my impressions are that the 30 h.p. 8-cylinder Lanchester is an exceptionally fine production from every point of view. The acceleration is excellent, the gear-box and back axle are quiet, the engine is vibrationless, runs smoothly, and is very lively.



Catalogues and full particulars on request.

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But in addition to new stainless steel, new colours and stripings, new low streamlines and beauty throughout, do not forget the unusual safety that the New Ford car affords to driver and passengers.

There is safety in the unusually sturdy Ford axles.

The Ford welded wheels of simple, one-piece steel construction combine light weight with great lateral strength. You can corner at a fast speed or drive your Ford car over badly rutted roads with confidence.

There is safety in the Ford's strong steel twin-bar bumpers and in the steel running boards that protect the sides of the car.

The all-steel welded body, the unsplinterable glass windscreen, the narrow windscreen pillars for perfect vision and the powerful brakes give Ford owners and passengers an unusual amount of protection.

The Ford thief-proof ignition lock illustrates the attention to safety detail. It is connected to the ignition system by an armoured steel cable, hard and strong enough to resist file and hacksaw.

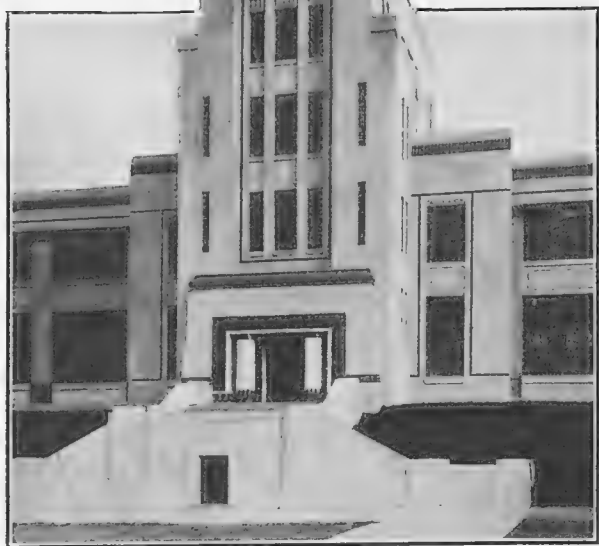
Ownership of the New Ford is growing rapidly. It affords beauty, comfort, unusual safety. Ford Motor Company Limited, London & Manchester.

LINCOLN



Fordson

Motor Notes and News



THE NEW PYRENE FACTORY

On the Great West Road, which was opened last week by Lord Brentford

The Pyrene buildings on the Great West Road is one of the most interesting achievements of the architects, Messrs. Wallis, Gilbert, and Partners. All the departments are compact and well organised. The employees enter the building by the spacious hall provided on the lower ground floor, and situated at the end of the building near the works' entrance gates. From this hall

a staircase provides the approach to all works departments. The staircase opens into the straight, wide corridor which serves the whole working plan of the building and forms the backbone of the plan, a feature which incidentally effects substantial economies in time-saving and supervision. A healthy and comfortable atmosphere is maintained in the works by a constant supply of fresh air which is drawn in through a number of intakes, producing a cooling effect in hot weather but which, in winter, is warmed by steam-heated coils fitted within the ventilation ducts. In addition, central heating throughout the building is supplied from boilers which also provide the steam necessary for the various manufacturing processes. Perhaps the most striking apartment on this floor is the spacious, tiled canteen with its gleaming silveroid

buffet. Here, at the eastern end of the building, is provided dining space for over 200 employees. Although the windows occupy a very large portion of the wall space in this canteen, they may be darkened in a few seconds by mechanically-operated blinds when the hall is converted into a cinema—for which purpose an up-to-date projector complete, of course, with its Pyrene automatic film fire extinguisher is installed. The kitchens and services are fitted with the latest appliances. The national importance of the fire apparatus side of the company's activities will be more fully realized when it is remembered that the fire loss for Great Britain alone in 1929 amounted to over £15,000,000 worth of property. This loss is a national waste, and what-ever can be done to combat it should be encouraged. The ramifications of the Pyrene Company, Ltd., will be constantly devoted towards this end in all departments housed in the building, and also through the expert staff of inspectors and representatives in the field at home and Overseas.



THE GATE HOUSE, STONELEIGH ABBEY

Built in the fourteenth century on land reputed to have been given by Henry II. What strange and interesting carriages must have passed under this old gateway before the 1930 Triumph Super-Seven Saloon, which is shown in this picture

This Whitsun

"fit and forget"

K.L.G.

PLUGS

"The World's most perfect Pump"

KISMET

FOOT-PUMPS

As illustrated
the KISMET

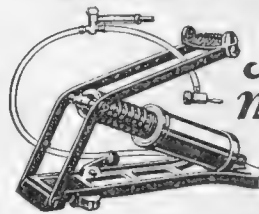
DUPLEX "MASTER"

"The best you can buy." Will inflate a tyre with the greatest ease and rapidity. In addition to the patent super-charged action and push-on connector which fits all valves, this "MASTER" Model is fitted with the latest "KISMET" Pressure Gauge No. 75. The reading is taken at will by pressure of a knob. Dead accurate and superior to any other make. Guaranteed for ever. Price 58/6

The KISMET

DUPLEX "JUNIOR"

is a smaller Model—"The next best to the MASTER." Similar in design and construction, and fitted with an accurate pressure gauge. This Model has given lasting satisfaction to thousands of motorists. Guaranteed for ever. Price 40/-



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The KISMET is a new Model—"POPULAR" "The best of the rest." A strong well-made Footpump, but without the patent super-charged action and pressure gauge. Far superior to the usual type of footpump, and wonderful value at a Guinea. Price 21/-

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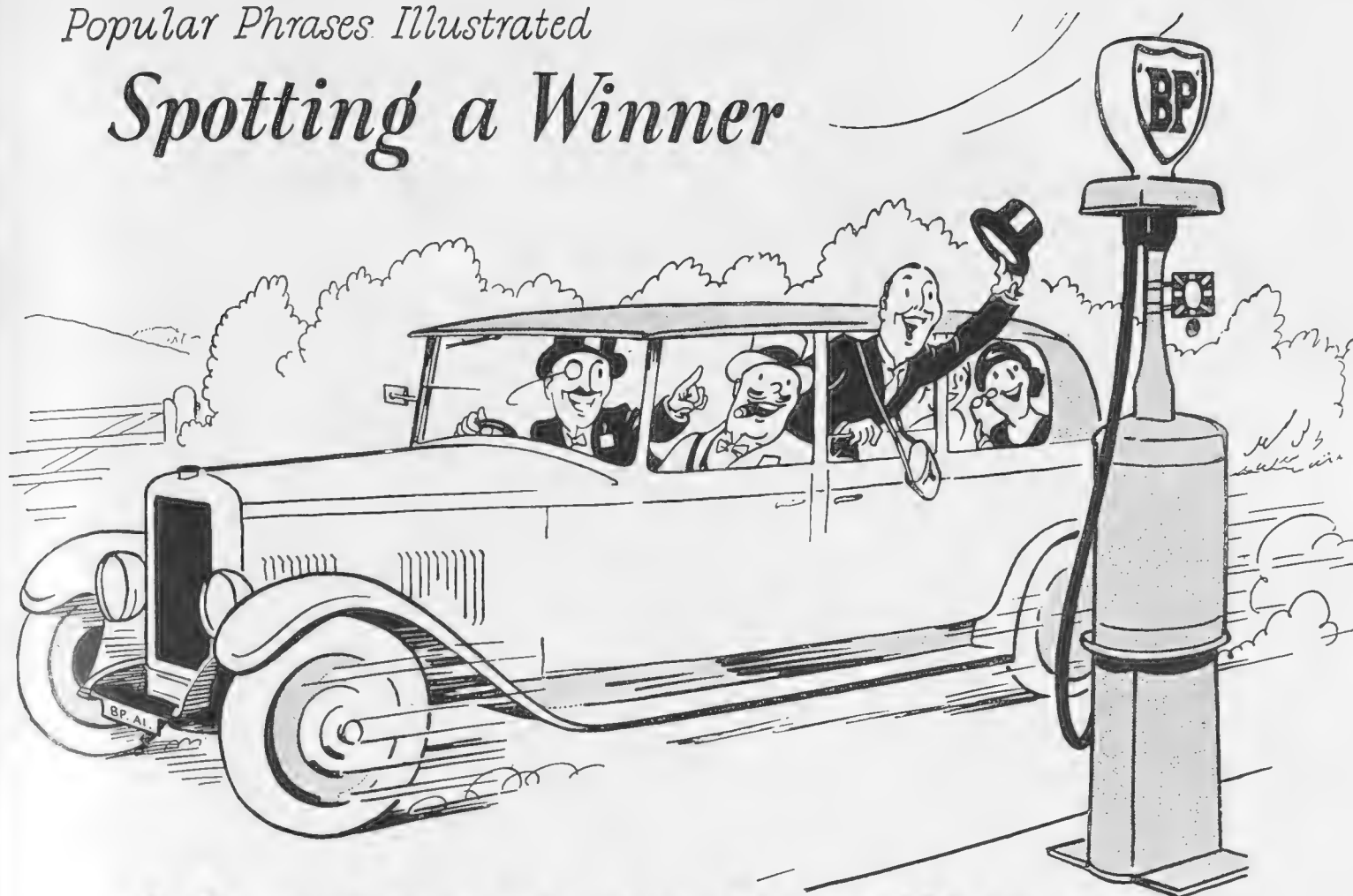
There is more in this than meets the eye—

The patent Super-charged action of the KISMET-DUPLEX



Popular Phrases Illustrated

Spotting a Winner



**A losing race party from Pinner
 Getting back from the Derby to dinner
 Had their gloom turned to glee
 When they saw new 'BP'
 At last they had spotted a winner !**

*Puts New Life into Your Car***ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD**

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AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 444

though not a pioneer flight or even a great flight by the strictest standards. But owing to her youth and inexperience the flight is coloured with a special individuality, and it has obtained a publicity which will be of the highest value in the popularizing of private flying.

Lots in a Name.

The Royal Aero Club has decided to award the Aga Khan's prize for the first Indian to complete a flight between England and India within a specified time to Mr. Aspy Engineer. Mr. Engineer is gifted with an appropriate name but this cannot have given him any special help, for one of his closest rivals was Mr. Tata, the possessor of an even better name for a long-distance flyer. And extending the field a little, we may observe that the chief instructor at the school of Messrs. Phillips and Powis at Reading is Mr. Giddy. Mr. Giddy should be a particularly fine aerobatic pilot if there is anything in a name. But not Mr. Giddy nor Mr. Engineer nor Mr. Tata attain to that perfection of nominal appropriateness of Mr. Gale, the early balloonist who specialized in flying in high winds, or, best of all, Mr. Burstall of Edinburgh, the inventor of the flash boiler.

To-day there is a lull in aeronautics while the selected horses carry out the customary circuit at Epsom Downs. Aeroplanes can at best be accessories before and after that act. But the flying meetings begin again immediately afterwards. On Monday there is a meeting at Northampton and an "Air Fête" at Reading. And the preparations for the King's Cup air race begin to be taken seriously, when taking them seriously is almost too late. A large number of queer craft will appear, or at least are hoping to appear, for this race. The decision to confine it to civil machines may make it more interesting than it has been before, because the well-tried, but in no sense modern war machine, had always a good chance of beating the newest light aeroplanes under the old regulations. And the Prince of Wales' entry, which has not been officially confirmed at the time of writing, will, if it materializes, give a strong stimulus to the event. In fact the King's Cup race is gradually developing a character of its own, like no other air race, but not less interesting in its own way than the Aerial Derby used to be in its way.

The air meeting at Heston held by Auto-Auctions, Ltd., was held in pouring rain. But in spite of this Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth, Mr. Thorn, and Captain Blake gave some excellent exhibitions of aerobatics. Captain Blake's upward flick roll in the Blackburn Lincock was particularly interesting. Hundreds of passengers were carried in Bluebirds during the afternoon, and the side-by-side seating was much appreciated.

EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 474

9 and 7 in the afternoon. Her next two rounds were less convincing though good enough, 4 and 3 morning and afternoon from Miss Irvine, who is a possible future Welsh champion, and Mrs. Rupert Phillips, who is a past one. And then came the 36-holes final against Mrs. Rieben, who had upheld her position against the two other young fancied ones, just as they both said she would, by producing a great display of pitch-and-one-putt goods late in the round, just when both might well have begun to hope that they were about to wrest the title from her. A little more length, a trifle more fight, and either might have done it; particularly Miss Pyman, who was actually 3 up with only 7 to play, but both (they will pardon one saying it) lay down to Mrs. Rieben's reputation and her beautiful short game and so both lost at the last hole.

Would Miss Jeffries do likewise? Not a bit of it. Away she went, to be three up early in the proceedings, and when pulled back and actually one down, it was she who began to play Mrs. Rieben at her own game of dispensing with the approach putt, and so was able to lunch two up. After losing one of them, Miss Jeffries was three up again at the 10th, with a two-foot putt to hole for four up. Missing it, everything began to go wrong for her and right for Mrs. Rieben till they stood all square on the 15th tee. There was a dramatic pause there whilst a small boy wandered happily across the fairway—the inevitable Derby dog—and in that pause Miss Jeffries must have pulled herself together. I have seldom seen two holes better played by anyone than the 15th and 16th, though Mrs. Rieben was making things no easier by playing them quite perfectly herself. Then at the 17th Mrs. Rieben underclubbed, Miss Jeffries got down in one putt, and a really beautiful iron up to the 18th from her ended the match. Not a very long player yet, but a very pretty one, and with that excellent approaching and putting there ought to be great things in store for her.

And so to Dublin—kind, friendly Dublin nowadays—where everybody seems pleased to see you and anxious for you to enjoy yourself, and out to Portmarnock, which exhausts every adjective for admiration either as a course or a place, and leaves you gasping for more. The score competition was won by Mrs. J. B. Walker, who comes from London, with 81, which the Irish L.G.U. had fixed as par, a fine score better by five strokes than the next, 86, returned by Miss D. Ferguson. Miss Pim and Miss Marshall were 87, the latter being a young player of whom more may be heard in the future.

All "Eve's" golfing activities are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme.

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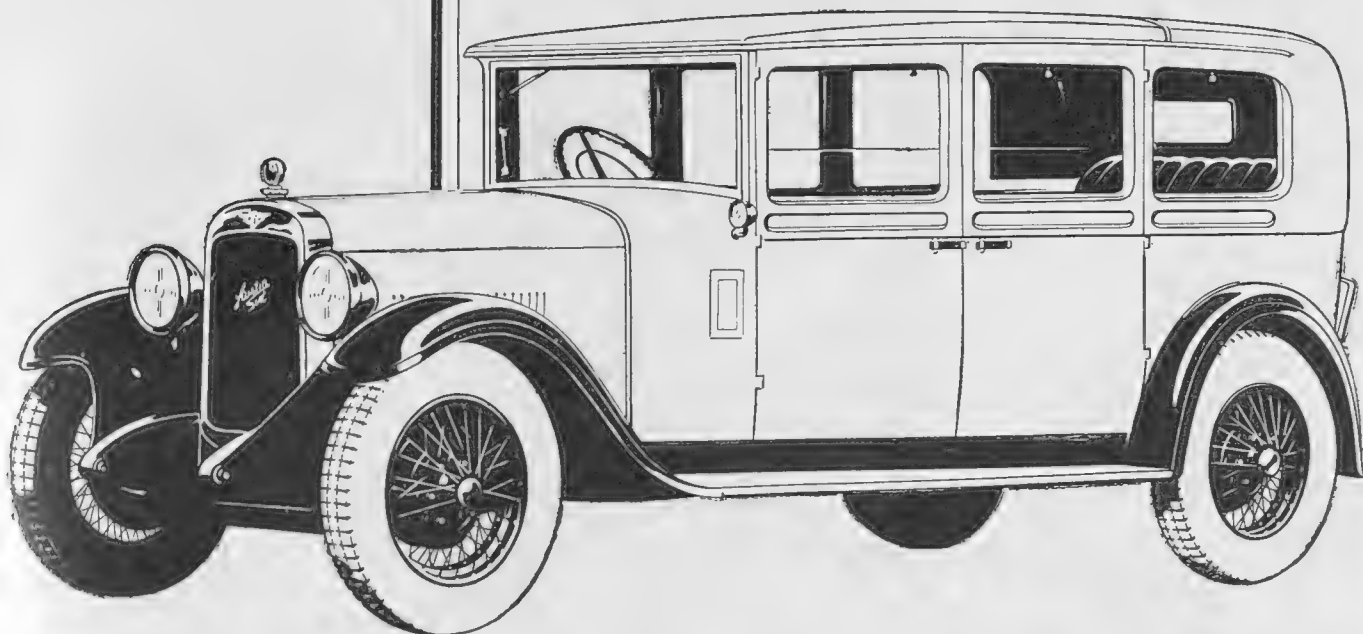
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Further Weddings

A North Country Wedding.

On July 8 Mr. Henry Gourlay Crichton McCreath, the third son of the late Mr. Henry Gourlay McCreath and of Mrs. McCreath of Wellington

Terrace, Berwick - upon - Tweed, is marrying Miss Isabella (Isa) Ancrum Knight Gregson, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Delaval Knight Gregson, also of Berwick-upon-Tweed, at Holy Trinity Church, Berwick - upon - Tweed.

* *

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. Gordon Manley and Miss Audrey Fairfax have fixed June 25 for their wedding in Durham Cathedral; on July 12 Mr. Ronald Wykeham Miller and Miss Elizabeth Vera Walrond are being married at the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Cheshunt; the marriage between Mr. H. Vernon-Hunt and Miss Mary Sheffield will take place quietly



Truman Howell
CAPTAIN M. E. DENNIS, M.C., AND MISS JOAN GRAHAM

Whose engagement was announced recently. Miss Graham is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Douglas Graham of Brynderwen, Mon.

garet Tew, younger daughter of Colonel Tew, C.M.G., and Mrs. Tew of Folkestone.

and Engagements

in London on June 12; and on the next day, the 13th, there is the marriage at St. James's, Piccadilly, between Mr. Arthur John Barlow and Miss Barbara Josephine Taylor

More Engagements.

Captain John Douglas Fellowes Fisher, R.A.S.C., and Miss Alice Mauleverer Brown, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Brown, and Mrs. Brown of the Old House, Sowerby, Thirsk; Dr. D. Randolph Maitland, M.B., Ch.B., and Miss Barbara Mary Carnegie Wemyss, the only daughter of Mr. E. H. Wemyss of Kirkton and Mrs. Wemyss at Myres Castle, Auchtermuchty, Fife; Mr. Cecil Dickins, East Surrey Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dickins of Canongate, Hythe, and Miss Barbara Mar-



Hay Wright
MISS MURIEL STEVENSON WOODROW

Who is to marry Mr. John Reginald Hornby, Royal Engineer, the son of the late Mr. Stephen Lamont Hornby and of Mrs. Hornby of Kokstad, S. Africa. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Stevenson Woodrow and of Mrs. Allan of Offham, Arundel, Sussex



Bassam

MISS KATHLEEN GREENWOOD

The daughter of the Right Hon Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, who, it is stated, has become engaged to Mr. Terence Cotter of "British Movietone News." Miss Greenwood has been working recently for a new play, "Son of a Gun," which is to be produced at the London Hippodrome

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GEORGE THE THIRD AND JUNE THE FOURTH

Eton's Gala Day. By IVAN ABERCROMBIE

When biographers become a little less clever and a little more kind, some writer may go back to the original sources and write a more lovable story of George III than any of these we read nowadays. One of the happiest chapters of that story will be his association with Eton; and the fact that his birthday gives the school the reason for celebrating the Fourth of June.

A hundred times or more he walked down from Windsor Hill to the school which he grew to love with the sad kind of affection which shone in him even in his madness. Of course the Fourth of June is a different matter now. The playing fields of Eton struggle desperately with yellow villas, growing and increasing and springing up about them like mushrooms in the night. Gray's forefathers of the hamlet must find it very difficult to sleep in the country churchyard now, for the road from Stoke Poges to Eton is filled with roaring, shrieking buses, and the stately river, when the summer comes, sends up the squeak of gramophones and the coarse voices of portable wireless sets. The Fourth of June itself has changed too, for parents come down from London in sleek, quick cars, and with all its grace there is something of the sophistication of a well-managed garden party about it all.

It was different when the father of the Fourth of June lived in the Castle, looking down at the red towers of the school through windows which he was destined to haunt in later years, his sad, witless eyes frightening those who looked up and saw him.

There is a sudden picture of Garrick coming down to play for him, and being a little disappointed because the Royal applause was not quite loud enough; a picture of Fanny Burney pitting her English good nature and charm against the intrigue of German servants, and the King himself, dressing perhaps a little more splendidly than on ordinary days to go down to Eton in the forenoon on the Fourth of June.

The river was lovely then, as now; so calm and gentle that you would never suspect it of those misshapen December floods. The mothers and fathers of those Georgian Eton boys drove down from London in their carriages—the aristocracy were still a little shocked at the idea of a coach, and they had not yet been hustled into the disagreeable experience of sitting in a railway carriage with somebody they had not met. So the road from London to Eton was alive with stately carriages. Perhaps an odd cosmopolitan bachelor or two jumped on to the coach at White Horse Cellars, now the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly, and rubbed shoulders with a lesser breed, so that they might arrive at Eton in time to see the King himself come down and smile on the day to which he had given his name.

There is little Royal patronage for Eton now, for our Princes are older and, as one of the newspapers told us a day or two ago, a little sadly, "There isn't even a Duke at Eton now." So there is no Royal sensation to delight those who come to Eton on the Fourth to watch the cricket matches in the morning, to

(Continued on p. xxi)



SIR ARTHUR AND LADY CROSFIELD AND THEIR NIECES
A snapshot on the hard courts at Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's charming house at West Hill, Highgate. The two little girls are Lady Crosfield's sister's children. Lady Crosfield was Miss Domini Elliadi

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George the Third and June the Fourth—continued

walk in the cool shadows beneath the trees, and see this Admiral being navigated by his son, and his fair mother frowning in an effort to understand the school jargon of her youngest boy.

It is a scrambling, warm day—as tiring as Ascot or the Derby. But it is in the evening that the Fourth of June reaches its fullest beauty, when the sky of the Thames Valley is alive with a hundred rockets and a thousand pyrotechnic stars. Five thousand people, coloured and made ghostly by as many fairy lights, crowd on to the banks of the backwater. The boats come down, their rowers heavy with rosettes and bouquets and ribbons. And as the boats sweep past, the rockets still flying up and making arches of light overhead, the rowers stand up, their oars held high in the air, and the unreal procession moves beyond the pool of light. Sometimes one loses his balance, and there will be a splash and a ripple of laughter. But the scene is usually slow and graceful, and even Anglo-Saxon hearts yield to a warm June night, lights on the water, and a sky sprinkled with stars—even the Anglo-Saxons wax a little sentimental, and the older ones exchange whispered reminiscences of other Fourths.

But if the playing fields are surrounded by a hundred new villas and if the buses are shrieking along the Datchet Road, the Fourth never fails to be a picture. The pleasure of England's brief summer seems to be crowded into it. The coaches have gone and the King is no longer in his castle. The curfew in the Windsor tower



Lasalle

MISS FLORA WOODMAN AS MINNEHAHA

Who is singing the title-rôle in the dramatic version of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," which is to be performed by a thousand singers at the Albert Hall on June 9, and will continue for a fortnight, greatly to the delight of all musical London

still tolls the knell of parting days—if they are important enough. But the lowing herd and the ploughman have long departed. And the hoot of the moping owl would sound a jolly thing if it challenged the horns of one of those fat motor-buses by which some of the spectators travel home.

Their great-grandmothers would faint at such a plebeian finish to a day in which they were brought up to believe with much the same devotion with which they were brought to believe in the King. But I suppose only the externals have changed and that beneath it all the day draws mothers and fathers into the Thames Valley with much the same emotion as that which flourished in a day when trains were no more than a vulgar dream. The young Etonian of this Fourth of June is outwardly very different from any of those who have gone before him, at least as far as his appearance is concerned. But he makes a no less pleasant picture than those who cheered George III, or those who gathered in the quadrangle of the college at Dizzy's bidding, in the opening pages of "Coningsby."

Then, as now, "The broad fields, as far as eye could range, were covered with human dreams"—Dizzy's picture still lives, except that the boys have changed in every outward aspect, for the flamboyant buttonholes and the faintly *outré* waistcoats and the uniform top-hat and tail-coat of to-day are a comparatively modern invention when we consider the age of the school. And yet there are rascallions who dare to suggest that England should do away with its top-hats. The idea is so awful to any who live near the school or belong to it in any form that one shudders and puts down one's pen.

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OUR TENNIS LETTER

Prospects of Wimbledon

This week I propose to deal chiefly with the possibilities of the women's play at Wimbledon, for already there are quite a number of International players here, while at the close of the Paris Championships, in a few days' time, all the rest will be in England and busy practising for the Championship meeting.

The first of the American Wightman Cup team arrived at Liverpool two days ago. They comprise Miss Edith Cross (who made her first appearance at Wimbledon last year), Miss Mary Greef, and Miss Susan Palfrey (this last being a young player of some seventeen years, who is also the Junior Champion of America); she has with her her two sisters, both of whom are nearly as good as herself, but who are not playing in the team. Mrs. Wills Moody (who, as I expected, scored an exceedingly easy win in the women's doubles with Miss Ryan), and Miss Helen Jacobs will come on from Paris in a few days' time, and from what I hear Mrs. Moody is playing very fine tennis indeed. It is unlikely, I think, that she will play singles in any of the London tournaments before Wimbledon, although she and Miss Ryan may have a practice together at the Kent Championships in the women's doubles.

It would seem that Señorita de Alvarez is in good form this summer, for she has been very much stronger all this winter, and her skiing adventures in her High Alps film in Switzerland do not seem to have done her any harm—rather, on the contrary, she seems to have more stamina than in previous years. I was interested to see that she was playing a good deal more from the back of the court in doubles than she used to do, and I also noticed (from a sartorial point of view) that she had discarded the gaily-coloured bandeaux of her former years and now wears a very business-like looking eye-shade. She has been putting in some very strenuous stroke practice of late, and I should not be at all surprised to find her playing extremely good lawn tennis this summer. Certainly she can last better than in previous years, and this has always been one of the chief difficulties that she has had to contend against. Personally I hope very much that we may see a Wills-Alvarez final once more, because I fancy that it may be a more evenly-contested match than it has ever been before.

Fräulein Aussem, too, is a very much better player (particularly in singles) than she was last year. Her record on the Riviera this spring has been a very fine one and if she would only allow herself enough time to really accustom herself to grass courts (upon which, of course, she never

plays) the Wimbledon "gallery" would see a player whose skill and courtcraft is very great indeed. "Cilly" is certainly one of the best exponents of perfect footwork on court that I have ever seen, and if I were taking a beginner to Wimbledon I should certainly insist on her taking a lesson from this little German champion whose feet seem to "twinkle" on the court, and who is hardly ever to be found out of position. Another very fine player who is already well known at Wimbledon, but who has never played anything like her best there, is Madame Mathieu, the French champion, who first achieved fame by winning the Junior French Championship after she was married at a very early age! She and Madame Jung Herotin are a very good pair in doubles, and it is to be hoped that they will play together over here.

Mlle. Sigart, the Belgian champion, is a slim little girl with a very shy expression and is one of the best volleyers I have ever seen. She has done well in mixed doubles in Paris, and if she were not so troubled with nerves in the critical moments of her matches she would do even better than she has already done.

One overseas competitor who is working hard at her tennis is Miss Jenny Sanderson, who started on a round of tournaments the moment she got off the boat from India. She beat Miss Nuthall at the Surrey Championships last week (in a match where she was within a point of defeat in straight sets) with a verve and courage which delighted the big gallery who watched her. She is a very pretty player and if she can produce her best form at Wimbledon she will be very hard to beat, for she hits like a man and is exceedingly fleet-footed on court.

I have not said much about our English players because I am anxious to keep as much space as possible in which to talk about them, for there are a great many who should be noticed. First and foremost we have Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, Miss Betty Nuthall, and Mrs. Godfree (who so far has not played in any singles this season); she is rapidly coming into form again however, and I thought she played very well in the doubles final at Surbiton, where she and Miss Sterry beat Miss Nuthall and Miss Heeley in straight sets. If she has a good draw in which to play herself in, I should not be surprised to see her back in her old form once more.

Poor Mrs. Whittingstall had a nasty go of 'flu in Paris, and was forced to scratch in the women's doubles with Señorita de Alvarez. She ought to play well at Wimbledon, however, as she is not at all stale with too much tournament play, and she is always at her best when she has not played too much. She is pairing up with Miss Betty Nuthall, and I am certain that they will make a very good combination. That they will be popular with the crowd goes without saying, and if they are fortunate in

(Continued on p. xxx)

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Always

Good Night, Tree!—continued

were streaming out of the ball-room on to the lawn. Several men who had been lounging unemployed on the verandah, hurried up to book dances with the late-comers. There are never enough women at these affairs.

Without exception they made Mrs. Ryan their first port of call, and Mrs. Finch was neglected for the moment. She looked a little pinched, a little bitter, as she stood there. She had been a pretty woman up to a few years before, but now she was ageing. And like many another woman going through the same unpleasant experience, she tried to console herself with subalterns.

As she booked her dances her eyes were raking the club, and they lit up as a tall, pink-and-white, rather chinless young man came out of the bar. She beckoned him.

"I've kept our usual dances, Eric."

Young Dunn produced his programme rather sheepishly. "I'd forgotten you were coming. I'm sorry. I'm nearly full up."

She looked indignant. "You can't have forgotten. I reminded you at the polo yesterday. Four, seven, and eight. Show me your programme." She took it out of his hand. "Nonsense, you're not nearly full up. Here I can change some of mine. You can have five, eight, and nine. Find Captain Hurst and tell him to change his dance to me from five to six."

"Right," said the boy sulkily. He held out his hand for his programme, but she was still looking at it.

"Who is 'M'?" she asked.

"Miss Grant," he admitted, avoiding her eyes.

In her fury she almost threw the programme at him.

"So you've got to the 'Monica' stage!"

There were people all round them, and her voice was not gentle. Eric Dunn was pink to the tips of his ears.

"Dorrie," he begged, "please don't —." But she cut him short.

"Five, eight, and nine. You'd better find Captain Hurst now." She turned away.

When he claimed her for Number Five she relieved his feelings by smiling at him, but dismayed him again when she said she did not feel like dancing and would rather sit out. She led the way to two secluded chairs in the warm, half-darkness on the lawn.

"Er—will you have a drink?" he ventured.

She shook her head, and then to his horror he saw she was crying.

This was ghastly. It was the devil. Apart from anything else

she was his Colonel's wife. Very fervently he vowed that never again would he get into a mess of this sort. Meanwhile there was absolutely nothing for it but to move his chair closer to hers and put an arm round her.

"Dorrie, look here. I want to explain —"

"Explain what?" she choked. "You've found someone younger and prettier than me, and that's all about it."

"It isn't that. You know it isn't. But you're married —"

"Oh, *don't!* Haven't I been married all these weeks? Wasn't I married that first evening on the river? Have you forgotten the things you said to me then?"

He had not. Ever since his affections had strayed towards Monica Grant he had lain awake at nights remembering the things he had said to his Colonel's wife under the influence of several drinks and a hot-weather moon. He remembered some of them now and shuddered.

Mrs. Finch turned and looked at him. She was suddenly gentle and pleading.

"Eric, when I passed the Good Night Tree to-night, do you know what I wished? I wished you'd kiss me again like you used to, and tell me you loved me."

He patted her miserably on the shoulder, groping for words. "Dorrie—my dear —"

And then, to his inexpressible relief, he heard the band strike up the next dance. He got up.

Mrs. Finch's mood switched instantly to outraged fury.

"That's right," she blazed. "Don't keep your Monica waiting! No"—as he sat down again quickly and tried to take her hand—"go on. I'm sitting out this dance. Leave me."

He took the shortest cut to the bar.

Much later in the evening Jim Ryan saw him and sought out Hurst.

"Someone ought to take young Dunn home."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Tight. Apparently he proposed to Monica Grant, and she had the sense to turn him down. He's been confiding his troubles to the whole club and drowning them in whisky. Look at him."

The young man had just come out of the bar, and he propped himself carefully against the wall and looked round the ball-room. A dance had just finished, and people stood about clapping half-heartedly for an encore. Mrs. Finch saw Eric Dunn at about the same moment that he

(Continued on p. xxxv)



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Good Night, Tree!—continued

saw her, and quite a lot of people saw him leave his nice safe wall and steer a rather zigzag course towards her.

He reached her side, and in a voice that was thick but painfully distinct, he made amends for his brutal conduct on the lawn.

"Dorrie, darling, sho—so sorry I was a beast. All a mistake. I do love you."

He put his arm round her and kissed her soundly.

For the third time that night the Tree had justified its reputation.

A year later. The Ryans had been playing tennis in Indore, and were on the way back to Mhow. They passed the Good Night Tree.

Ryan took a hand off the wheel and lifted his hat politely.

"Good night, Tree," he said.

Mrs. Ryan bowed her curly head.

"Good night, Tree." Then, "Did you wish, Jim?"

Ryan shook his head. "To tell you the truth, I've never wished since the night of that awful dance. Did you?"

"Well, no, I don't wish, nowadays, either."

Something in her voice made him turn and look at her.

"Betty, that reminds me. You never told me what you wished that night."

She hesitated. "Swear not to laugh."

"Right. I swear."

"I wished for a son."

A moment's silence, and then Jim Ryan began to laugh. He laughed so much that he had to draw in to the side of the road and stop the car. When he could speak:

"A son!" he gasped. "My dear, I must say your old tree was in crashing form that night."

She was a little hurt.

"Well, after all, we always meant to have three. And triplets are so original."

Our Tennis Letter—continued

the draw they certainly might go a long way. Miss Joan Fry is a player who always seems to pull out her best game at Wimbledon, and as she is one of those lucky people who never seem to suffer from nerves she is able to defeat a great many very formidable players who are somewhat nervy, perhaps, by their surroundings, and so are not always able to produce their best form. Miss Fry is the best retriever of impossible balls that I have ever seen; she can run miles on a court and still look as fresh as paint at the end of it, while her backhand stroke, although somewhat ungainly to look at, is one of the safest things imaginable, and woe betide an opponent who takes it too lightly.

Miss D. Round is a newcomer who has done very well this year, and may do better; she can sometimes produce a really formidable game, and I should not be surprised to see her go far at Wimbledon. Miss Joan Ridley and Miss E. H. Harvey have both been playing very well just lately in doubles and singles, while Mrs. Owen, Miss Mudford, Miss Gwen Sterry, and Mrs. Lycett are all in good form also. Mrs. Watson I think has been somewhat disappointing in singles this year so far, but she can always be relied upon to play well at Wimbledon, particularly in doubles.

One pretty girl who will be missed this year will be Miss "Bobby" Heine, a really fine player with a most delightful style of her own. Mrs. Mallory, too, I hear is not coming over, for the first time for many years, while Mlle. Bouman, the Dutch champion, may not come also.

There seems to be no doubt that there will be some unusually hard fights before the winner of the ladies' singles can be decided, but at the moment I think that Mrs. Moody, with her great reserve of strength and hard hitting, will win through once more. She may have some close matches, but to my mind she always has quite a considerable amount to spare, and even if she drops a few games she can always be relied upon to come back with a run and take the lead again. "DROP SHOT."



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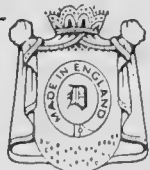
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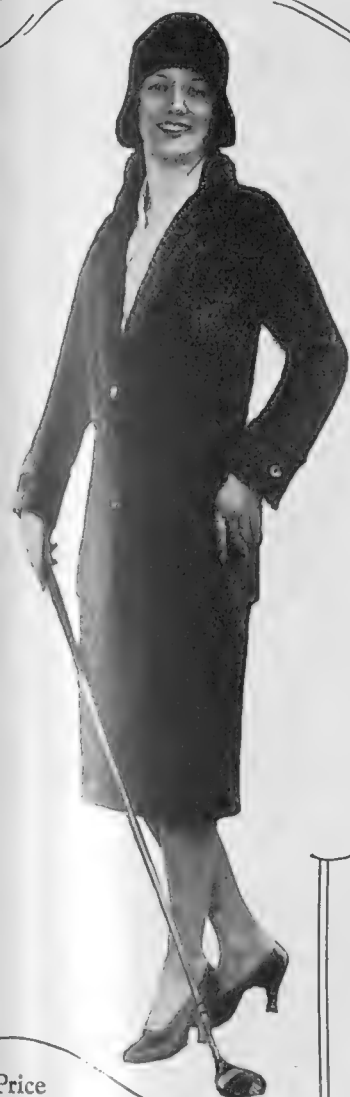
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Our members can congratulate themselves on the great success of our Open Show. It is certainly one of the best shows held in England, and the only big show run entirely by women. Everything went without the slightest hitch and it was all so well arranged that the best use was made of the vast space of Olympia. The judging-rings looked most attractive, with the blue and white check cloths on the tables and the blue boxes for the cards. No one who has not been into the matter has any idea of the enormous amount of work entailed by a big show, and it is indeed wonderful how Mrs. Trelawny carries it out. She seems to think of the individual comfort of every exhibitor, and is always calm and cheerful even when surrounded by people all asking questions at once. We do indeed take off our hats to her and congratulate her on the great success which has crowned her work.



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The property of Mrs. Beauclerk

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could find anywhere, and very clean. He has never known a day's illness and is very healthy and strong and a delightful companion." She also has a younger dog for sale, seven months' old, a delightful little dog as companion.

At the other end of the scale is the French bulldog, civilized to a degree and with a most acute and civilized brain, one of the most charming companions for anyone who does not want a dog they must be continually exercising. I have before alluded to Pélleas, and anyone wanting to study the character of a French bulldog should re-read Maeterlinck's description of him. French bulldogs are particularly well suited to towns, are very quiet, do not bark, and like town life—so one need have no qualms about keeping them there. They are quite strong and hardy.

Mrs. Beauclerk has a very select kennel of French bulldogs, and sends a photograph of a good young dog she has for sale, also his sister; the latter should make a most valuable brood bitch as she is very good-looking and very well bred. They are eleven months old. The dog is a smart little dog and has won at shows. Mrs. Beauclerk says, "He has a charming expression and manners, house-trained, and has been inoculated against distemper. I shall simply hate parting with him as he is such a pet." Mrs. Beauclerk also has some puppies to dispose of.



KIPYARD DARGÉE
The property of Miss Pearson

Mrs. Adams is concentrating on white Pekingese. She has five white bitches, so generally has white puppies for sale. She sends a most charming picture of some white pups which are for disposal; they have black eyes and noses. White Pekingese are very much the fashion, but they are difficult to get and pure white ones still a rarity.

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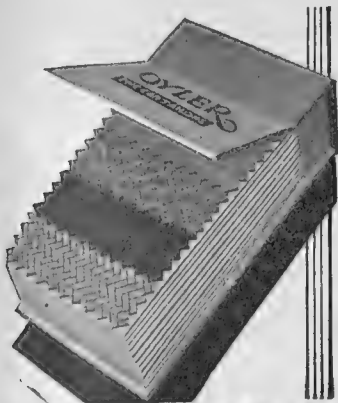
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comment also includes the four movements of Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in F Major and the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's *Orpheus*. Other important works now issued include the popular bacchanale from *Samson and Delilah*, and the Rakoczy march, generally known as the Hungarian March, both deliciously rendered by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the martinet of the baton, Leopold Stokowski. The chorus and orchestra of the Berlin State Opera House contribute the "Benediction of the Poignards" (*The Huguenots*) one of the most effective of opera scenes. Dr. Malcolm Sargent and the Symphony Orchestra follow up their brilliant renderings of "Finlandia" and "Ruy Blas" with Schubert's fascinating Rosamunde overture and Brahms's spirited "Hungarian Dance." The greatest string quartet of all time, the Flonzaley, bring out to the full the moving beauty of Mozart's "Quartet No. 2 in D Minor." How the troops and the Empire in general were helped to keep up their spirits in the dread days of the war is recalled by Jack Hylton and his Orchestra in "Tommies' War Time Memories" and "Songs of the Officers' Mess," this record giving in vocal refrain such immortal ditties as "Pack up your Troubles," "Tipperary," "Blighly," and "Gilbert the Filbert." Of its kind this is one of the most cheery and melodious records on the market and should be in every repertoire.

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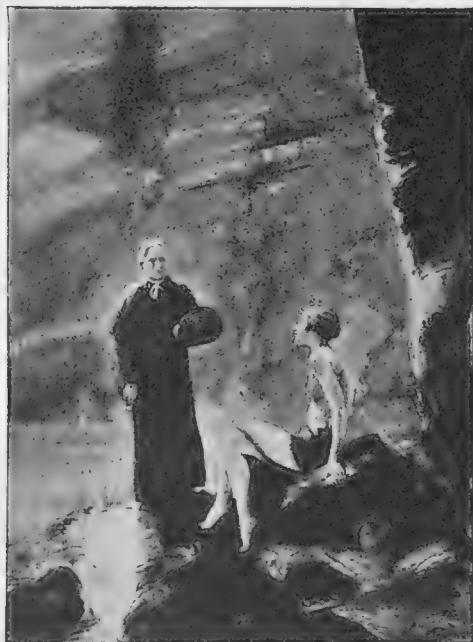
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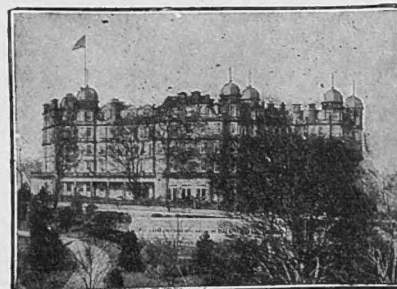
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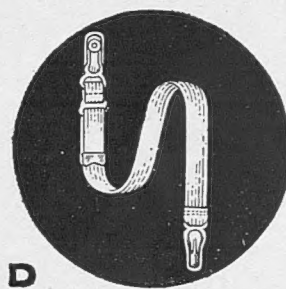


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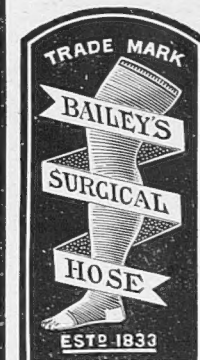
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